The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CE

WE ARE

—JUST NOW—

PUTTING

—IN A—

NEW-STORE-FRONT!

—AND—

On This Account

Must Reduce Our Stock.

Bargains All Through

The House.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

ATLANTIC MEAT MARKET.

A. Gebert & Co.,

Packers of the

Atlantic Brand

Sugar Cured Hams,

Bacon, Shoulders and all articles of

PACKING HOUSE PRODUCTS

Manufacturers of absolutely

PURE - LARD,

Put up in all styles to suit the trade.

Dressed - Poultry!

and Fresh Pork Sausages always on hand.

No. 28 East Columbia street.

11-1mo

WAGNER'S Drug Store

H. G. Somers, Proprietor.

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Glass, Toilet Articles, Wines and Liquors, Etc.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGS.

35 Calhoun Street.

15-1mo.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

Fine Meats

The Establishment of

J. - N. - PFEIFFER,

44 West Berry Street,

Is one the Best

MEAT - MARKETS

IN THE CITY.

SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boilings and Roasts, choice Rolled Corn Beef, Home-made Sausage and Home-made Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

D. J. RICHARD

Buys and Sells All Kinds of

Produce on Commission!

—AT THE—

FARMERS' EXCHANGE!

18 West Berry Street.

Consignments of Retail Dealers Solicited.

Liberal Cash Advances.

A VESSEL WRECKED!

Off the Coast of Virginia and Eleven of the Crew are Drowned.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 23.—The Nova Scotia bark, Josie Troop, with a cargo of chalk and a crew of seventeen men, was wrecked last evening at Chicanico, North Carolina. The master and ten men were drowned. Six were saved. The vessel and cargo are a total loss. The vessel is broken up and strewn along the beach.

TO-DAY' TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

As it is Flashed From Different Parts of the Country Over the Sentinel's Own Wire.

DES MOINES, Ind., Feb. 23.—The Adams county court house was burned to the ground yesterday morning. The building was insured.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 23.—The body of Edward Boyle was found in the ruins of the Park Central hotel at 8:30 this morning. This makes the thirty-third victim.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Lettie Smith and her husband, Wilbert Smith, were arrested late last night, at their room, upon warrants charging them with the murder of C. F. Clark, the druggist.

VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 23.—Several hundred white men struck at the Comox coal mines, on account of the company having employed some Chinese miners. Trouble is feared.

DENVER, Col., Feb. 23.—Five men boarded a train at Pixley last night and covered the train men with revolvers, and ordered the messenger to open the express box. Dynamite bombs were exploded under the car. The passengers ran out and two were shot by the robbers and others were fatally wounded. The train ran back to Pixley, where news was left. The passenger coaches were not molested.

BANGOR, Me., Feb. 23.—A serious wreck is reported on the European and North American railroad, near Boyd's station. No particulars.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 23.—Quarentine has been declared against the village of Reserve in this state, where an epidemic of small pox is raging.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Mr. Daniels, of Virginia, addressed the senate to-day on the election outrages in certain states.

In the house Mr. Peel called up the bill in relation to ratifying and confirming the agreement with the Creek Indians for opening up land in the Indian territory.

An Exciting Scene.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 23.—The senate was the scene of a spirited war of words between Senators Branaman and Bozeman. Branaman called Bozeman a liar.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23.—Indiana—Fair, colder, northwesterly winds, becoming variable.

HOW IS THIS?

The Tow Path Railroad to Fort Wayne a Dead Certainty.

Harry Drew has just returned from St. Louis, says the Indianapolis *Journal*. While there he closed a contract with a construction company for the grading and bridging of that portion of the Evansville, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad between Lafayette and Fort Wayne, a distance of 108 miles, for $336,841.11. This amount will complete the road bed ready for the track. As all of this work will be done along the Wabash and Erie canal, the small cost of the grading can be easily accounted for Two other roads are interested in the construction of this line and will at the proper time show their hand.

WHERE SORROW DWELLS.

Death Has Entered the Home and Taken From it a Loved One.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers for the week ending February 23:

Henry Blume, 67 years, heart disease.

Julia Trahin, 70 years, old age.

Maria Brown, 35 years, erysipelas.

John J. Weber, 62 years, hemorrhage of stomach.

Wilhelmina Horstmeyer, 87 years, old age.

Catherine Pegg, 66 years, congestion of lungs.

Frederick Ritter, 29 years, consumption.

Wm. Rogers, 7 months, lung fever.

Clarence Coon, 5 weeks, bronchitis.

B. O. Diffendorfer, 56 years, paralysis.

Farroney C. Barr, 1 year, brain fever.

Minnie O. McGeehan, 19 years, consumption.

Joseph Wren, 75 years, debility.

Caroline Pruesse, 53 years, congestion of lungs.

Michael Spitz, 19 years, old age.

Christina Rabenach, 4 years, apoplexy.

THE NEWS AT THE DEPOTS,

And Around the Busy Centers Hustled Together During a Cold Morning Trip.

The Nickel Plate pay car was in the city to-day.

There are only four more working days in this morning.

The new Mahoning road will be here when the June bugs fly.

John Daily, machinist at the Bass works, is on the sick list.

The railroads are taking big shipments of cattle to the eastern markets.

It was 4° below zero at the Olds wheel works, at 7 o'clock, this morning.

Wm. Berning, the Pittsburg machinist, will celebrate his tin wedding this evening.

The "Natural Gas" amusement company left this morning, over the Grand Rapids for South Bend.

The railroad and shop men should attend the services at the Y. M. C. A. rooms to-morrow afternoon. The meetings are always interesting.

Wm. Berning, of the Pittsburg machine shops, is repairing the machinery at the Pennsylvania company's pumping house, at the St. Mary's river.

A large number of electric light men, returning from Chicago, were on No. 8, going east, last night. They had been attending the convention at Chicago.

John Steinhauser, of the Pittsburg plaining mills, went to Huntertown to-day. He will be married to-morrow to an accomplished young lady of that place.

The ticket agents are receiving numerous inquiries concerning prices, arrangements, etc., from people who contemplate visiting Washington during the inaugural next week.

The latest report is that the Vanderbilts will hold the South Penn road as a menace over the Pennsylvania Railroad company, to use if the latter goes into New England for business.

Henry Kestel, of the Bass machine shops, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth last evening, with a number of friends, at the home of Mr. Henry Daseler, 163 Montgomery street.

The Vanderbilt lines are carrying forty-two per cent. of the east-bound business out of Chicago, and the Pennsylvania people are feeling somewhat sore over the matter, as they are taking out but twenty-six per cent.

Samuel Melton, brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, was badly injured yesterday. In making a coupling the index finger of his right hand was broken and his thumb was dislocated. Melton's home is in Crestline.

John J. Lenocker, yardmaster of the Pittsburg road, last evening, while attempting to adjust a link between two cars of a freight train that was being made up, was caught between the deadwoods and was crushed so severely that two ribs were broken. His home is on East Lewis street.

Among the many improvements made by Mr. Geo. H. Judy, the general foreman of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is one of recent invention by him. It is a ventilator, which is so arranged as to add greatly to the cleanliness of the shop, and will carry off all the smoke, &c., that is such a constant source of trouble in the everyday working of the establishment. Mr. Judy is a man of extraordinary mechanical ability and the inventor of quite a number of labor saving machines, which are now in use and of great value to the company.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

They Continue Right Along on a Substantial Basis.

The Peters Box and Lumber company have sold to George Jordan lots 189 and 190, north side addition, for $1,200.

Mary Barber has sold to Samuel L. Wass lot 50, Col. Reed's addition, for $700.

Samuel D. Hanna to Chas. H. Rodenbeck lot 309, Hanna's addition, for $975.

Horace Hanna to K. J. Bauer lot 1, Hanna's sub, for $300.

Those wishing to have their fortunes told should call on Mrs. Silvers, 190 Montgomery street. Ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 50c. Pay in advance. No crowds admitted.

The St. Peter's Comedy and Dramatic company of young artists, will give their version of a "Doctor's Confession" at St. Mary's hall, on the evenings of February 27 and 28.

200 dozen Ladies' White Linen, Hemstitched, Handkerchiefs, regular price, 15c., 8c. ONLY; a decided bargain.

M. FRANK & Co., Bee Hive.

Big Unreserved Sale of Mother Pearl Pictures.

Yourself and [illegible] invited to at-

MUST FACE THE MUSIC!

Dudley Advised to Surrender Himself to Avoid an Arrest—A New Army Society.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 23.—As soon as the warrant for Mr. W. W. Dudley's arrest was issued, Attorney General Michener telegraphed Mr. Dudley, advising him to come to Indianapolis and surrender himself and be admitted to bail, to avoid being brought by an officer.

A temporary organization of the new "Army Society of Vicksburg," was effected yesterday, by electing Gov. A. P. Hovey president. There were about 100 veterans present.

GOES TO SAMOA.

A German Fleet of War Vessels Sent to Samoa.

BERLIN, Feb. 23.—An official communication confirms the report that a German fleet of war vessels has been dispatched to Samoa.

A Business Assignment at Wabash.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 23.—Much surprise was created here by the announcement of the failure of Hon. Alvah Taylor, a prominent politician who is known all over northern Indiana. The liabilities are $23,000, and the assets, consisting of 612 acres of land in the Mishishingomesha Indian reserve and city property, will amount to about the same. None of the creditors were pushing their claims and Taylor's friends are at a loss to account for the assignment, which was made to Capt. J. C. Waite, of Treaty.

THE EUREKA'S.

They Appropriately Celebrate George's Birthday at Their Club Parlors.

The members of this club, concluding that the shooting of cannon, bursting of bombs or burning of gun-powder was not the proper manner in which to celebrate the natal day of "The Father of our Country," and deeming that a demonstration of some character was necessary, decided upon a "Smoker" at their parlors, at the corner of Calhoun and Main streets.

Any one having participated in any of the entertainments given by this popular club, will know that the acceptance of an invitation means a good time, as they never spare pains or expense to guarantee a success of their undertakings, and this "smoker" was no exception to their custom.

Although a blizzard was approaching it did not deter a full turn out of their members, and a large number of their friends. An early visit to their club room found a goodly assemblage already engaged in the pleasures of the evening. At the door the genial smiles of Seimon and Wise, the reception committee, awaited the arrival of the guests, who, as soon as divested of their wraps, were escorted to the "Shrine of Rome," and there received the initiation to the first degree. Thence either an uncolored "dudeen," accompanied with "cut cavendish," or a fragrant Havanna was presented and the party placed in comfortable positions to await the arrival of new guests. Friends dropped in throughout the evening and remained until the close, loathe to leave a place where they had been so elegantly entertained.

The celebrated Euphonian quartet was on hand and added to the evening's pleasures with their singing. Cards, chess, checkers and billiards were there for the entertainment of those so disposed.

At 10:30 the assembly were called to order and Seidel, with an efficient corps of assistants, came forward with one of his famous luncheons.

This club was organized three years ago and is in a most flourishing condition. It has a membership numbering eighteen and all are gentlemen in high standing in both social and business circles and a jollier crowd will be difficult to find anywhere.

Their parlors are elegantly furnished and the members can well afford to be proud of them.

The following is a list of members: John Armfield, Frank Bassett, Paul Kuhne, Richard Kuhne, John Thieme, Fred Thieme, Theodore Seymeyer, William Seybolt, Charles Schenman, G. Thieme, Frank Wise, Paul Schwegman, Lipse Thieme, Fred Tresselt, O. W. Tresselt, Louis Schmidt, Henry Siemon.

Among the callers we noticed the following named gentleman: Al Rigel, Frank Ohnhouse, Charles Kuhne, Felix Schrantz, Alex Jaxtheimer, John Landenburger, Charles Colerick, S. B. Stewart, Frank Olds, Louis Niemeyer, August Siemon, Reinhard Schafer, Louis Curtis, Max Frankenstein, Mr. Smith, Chicago, Al Vogel, Perry DeHaven.

I've used Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup in my family for two years. It has never

A PLEASANT EVENT.

The Patriarchal Circle Give a Dress Ball at the Hotel Brunswick.

The Fort Wayne temple, No. 1, Patriarchal Circle, held their second full dress ball last evening at the Hotel Brunswick. There were fifty couple present and the gay party danced the hours away to the music of Stellhorn's orchestra.

The floor managers were: Louis Hazzard, Adam Imbody and George W. Allen.

The reception committee was made up of, George Jaap, Charles Comparet, Joseph Douglass, C. Enteman, George Pressler, Isaac Trauerman, C. Newcomer and H. F. France.

At midnight a magnificent supper was spread by the proprietors, Messrs. Swann & Eastwood, and toasts were responded to by Capt. F. F. Boltz, who spoke to "Our Country and Our Flag," and by Justice of the Peace H. F. France, who responded to the toast "Our Order." Mr. George Jaap sang a merry song.

The occasion was an enjoyable one and will long be remembered by those present.

HON. HUGH McCULLOCH.

The Venerable Statesman Chats Lightly About His Years.

The Washington *Post* has this pleasant gossip about ex-Secretary McCulloch, father of Hon. Charles McCulloch, of this city:

On the coldest day of this winter ex-Secretary Hugh McCulloch was out making senate calls on foot and without an overcoat. He said: "At eighty years of age I do not need any extra wraps, and I have never worn an overcoat. I can not see that I am not in as good health as ever.

"I can remember when I used to ride horseback between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis, and I could ride all day when the mercury was below zero without having to get down, as others did, to warm my feet.

"I can remember when I thought a man old at fifty. Afterward then I moved up the limit to sixty. Then I concluded that a really old man was seventy. Sometime afterward I changed my ideas about being old at eighty. Now I wonder that anybody could consider eighty old. I don't feel any older in thought and spirit than I did when I was forty. No, you mustn't look among us boys of eighty for your old men."

A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Mr. H. G. Olds Makes a Handsome Proposition.

The other evening a party of gentlemen were discussing the needs of the city, and the want of a public library was among them.

"That is the city's chief want," said Mr. H. G. Olds, who was listening. "We want a public library here very much and want it to embrace the entire range of literature. Take, for instance, the mechanical arts. The literary works in that field are very expensive and the toiling people cannot acquire them. If we had a library that would include these works, I know they would find appreciation and I feel that the artisans of Fort Wayne—the young men—are in need of the opportunities I suggest.

"We must have a public library," continued Mr. Olds, "and I will be one of forty men to subscribe $1,000 each towards the project."

Who is next on the program?

A Sensiable Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles 50c and $1.

INAUGURATION.

Excursion Arrangements via. the Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., for the inauguration will be sold from all ticket stations on the Pennsylvania lines, on February 26 to March 3, and they will be good for return passage by trains leaving Washington not later than March 8. The round trip fare from Fort Wayne will be $15. Special trains will be run to Washington to accommodate the tide of inauguration travel, and special coaches and Pullman cars will be attached to regular trains. For complete information apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania lines.

F18,20,23,25,27M1,2

W. D. Kyle & Co. have made arrangements to import musical goods direct from the manufacturers in Germany, and have placed a large order, which will be received in about eight weeks.

WITH THE MORROW'S DAWN

Lay Aside the Business of the Week and Give the Sabbath to the Service of the Lord—The Pastor's Column.

Usual services at the Baptist church to-morrow. Woman's meeting at 3:30. Seven hundred ladies expected. Don't fail to come.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow, at 10:45 a. m. Subject, "Justification." All the members are requested to attend. No evening service.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets.—Services at 10:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30, to-morrow, by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Revival services will be held next week.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor. Prof. Rodgers, of the college, will preach in the evening.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30, a. m., and 7:30, p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Rev. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. The wild Irishman will talk in the evening. Come and hear him.

The revival still continues at the Berry Street church. Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the pastor, will preach in the morning, in the evening by Rev. J. C. Cook. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:15 a. m.

Services in the Third Presbyterian church, next Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. J. M. Boggs, Morning theme: "Our Land for Christ." Evening, "God's First Question." Sabbath School at 2 o'clock.

Regular meeting for men only at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A., 245 Calhoun street, tomorrow afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, standard time. These union services will be conducted by Rev. C. H. Wilkinson.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Clinton and Washington streets. Dr. D. W. Moffat, pastor. The Haydn quartet will render choice selections, particularly in the evening. Visitors made welcome. Come and enjoy the feast.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. Morning service and sermon, at 10:45. Evening service and sermon, at 7:30 p. m. Strangers cordially welcomed.

Grace Reformed church, A. K. Zartman, pastor. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Morning service at 10:30. Sermon by the pastor. There will be a missionary meeting at 7:30 o'clock. Addresses will be made by the pastor and members of the church.

Regular Sabbath services in the Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street, to-morrow at 10:30, a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper. Sabbath school will follow the morning service. Song service led by a chorus of voices. You are cordially invited.

An unusual attraction to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barns at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. There will be a rendering of songs; very fine music by a full chorus choir. "Rock of Ages," arranged by Excell, will be sung.

Revival services at Nebraska Mission church still in progress, with good results. There have been five conversions, and more convicted. Brother Hays, former secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association will conduct the service to-night, to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30, p. m. He will address the Sabbath School at 3 o'clock. All are invited. G. W. Carder, pastor.

Sealed Proposals.

Sealed proposals will be received until 2 o'clock p. m., on the 10th day of March, 1889, for the labor and materials required in the erection and completion of a new church building for the Second Presbyterian church, Fort Wayne, Ind., in accordance with the plans and specifications, copies of which can be seen at

DEATH IN A WRE

Two Trains Crash Together in Jersey and Several Persons Are Killed.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Feb. 23. freight train crashed into the rear other freight train on the Penn railroad, just below this city, early morning.

Wm. D. Mudgatt, railway mail clerk; John Campbell, English mail clerk, and Harry Goodman, express, were killed and burned in the wreck, and J. Angell, engineer, was seriously injured. No passengers are reported injured up to this time.

The cars caught fire from the locomotive, and the mail, baggage and a passenger car were burned, together with express and mail matter and baggage. Wrecking trains and physicians are on the way from different points to the scene.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CLOSING PRICES—1:15 P. M.

CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—Wheat: February, $1.06¼; March, 1.06¼; May, $1.09¼; June, $1.04¼. Corn: February, 34¼; March, 34¼; May, 35¼; June, 35¼. Oats: February, 25; March, 27¼; May, 27¼; June, 27. Pork: February, $11.17½; March, $11.17½; May, $11.32½; June, $11.40. Lard: February, $6.75; March, $6.77½; May, $6.90; June, $6.95. Short ribs: February, $5.90; March, $5.90, May, $6.07½; June, $6.12½.

Such is Fame.

Indianapolis Sun.

Some time ago it was just plain "Attorney W. H. H. Miller," then it read "W. H. H. Miller, Gen. Harrison's law partner." Now he has visited Fort Wayne after having been placed on an alleged cabinet slate and has developed into "the distinguished Indiana lawyer, W. H. H. Miller."

For to-day's and evening's trade: 20 dozen Kid Gloves, 50c a pair, regular price, 75c.

M. FRANK & Co. Bee Hive.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

Be sure and attend the great opening sale of Mother Pearl's pictures, this evening, at 28 East Berry street.

Spring Jackets, Wraps, Raglans, New Markets, Fishues arriving daily at Louis Wolf & Co's.

Excursion Rates to Washington via the Wabash Railway.

On the occasion of the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, March 4, 1889, the Wabash railway will sell excursion tickets from Fort Wayne at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip, or $15.00. Tickets will be on sale from February 26 to March 3, and will be good for return passage up to and including March 10. Further information furnished upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON, 18-10t Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Excursion to Inauguration at Washington.

Special reduced excursion rates to Washington City and return via. the Nickel Plate. Tickets on sale February 26 to March 3. Good to return leaving Washington March 8. Choice of routes. Direct connections. 21 9t

Wm. D. Kyle & Co., will hereafter carry on an importing business in musical instruments. By special arrangement with Alvin Bauer, of Germany, this firm will be able to offer patrons musical bargains. thursfsat

Each and every purchaser of meat to the amount of $1 at E. Rich & Co.'s meat market, at 22 Harrison street, will be presented with one street car fare. 23-3t

BAD COMPLEXIONS.

The Secret of Their Cause Fully Explained—Why Ladies are Sallow and Men Pallid—Some Valuable Facts on the Subject.

In passing along the leading streets in almost any city in America to-day, one will meet with but few ladies who have a clear complexion. Many persons have tried to account for this fact because of the severe climate of America, but such reasoning is wrong. A bad complexion is caused by impure blood, and no lady can be really beautiful and no man ruddy, who is diseased or impure blood.

The best known way of keeping the blood pure is by keeping it circulating. In this way it passes rapidly through the lungs, heart and liver, and is constantly purified. But supposing the system is clogged up and consequently the case, then of course the blood becomes impure. Then far too often men and women take some powerful purgative or other substance, that clears the body but weakens the strength, and leaves the system in a worse condition than before. The only safe way is to take a gentle, pure and natural purgative, moderately but regularly. One of the best known medical authorities of the day says that the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is infinitely superior to any other purgative preparation known to the world. It is mild, yet stimulating; it is pure, yet powerful; it is containing only natural properties, being manufactured from the celebrated Carlsbad Sprudel Spring. It cannot injure the body, but will benefit and yet it has never failed to relieve the system, purify the blood and thereby clear the complexion. Hundreds of doctors have given it their unqualified endorsements; thousands of people use it every year in the Carlsbad [illegible] and there is no greater luxury than to [illegible] and purified skin in the

ING A NEWSPAPER.

ER SAYS A WORD FOR HIS FAVORITE JOURNAL.

...e Reads Like a Puff for the Congressional Record, but He Feels a Growing Interest in It Which Is Above Mercenary Considerations.

WASHINGTON, D. C., possesses nothing more interesting to one of a literary nature perhaps than the extensive offices of the *Congressional Record*. This paper never opened the year with brighter prospects than it does now. Its age now begins to give it a solidity which, as a young squirt of a journalistic venture, it did not heretofore possess. For its coming year it will, therefore, be bright, breezy, racy, fresh, gossipy, and still instructive in a high degree. While catering to the tastes of the careful student, it will also bubble over this year with parenthetical "laughter," and "prolonged laughter" will be an every-day occurrence.

There will be articles of interest from time to time by some of our most entertaining Congressional writers. Notable articles on Dakota by Cox, war history by Ingalls, Sherman and others. Special articles will appear from time to time by its best writers, both in the House and Senate, men who will during the present year give up more of their time to the preparation of such addresses or essays for the *Record* and less to making speeches than heretofore. In past years too much time has been given to delivering those speeches or opinions, and the printing has been considered secondary; but now the editors of the *Record* hope to

RIDDLEBERGER, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

print the best work of Congress in advance of its delivery, or in many instances giving much better and entirely original matter in the *Record*. Page after page of the magazine will this year be used for this purpose exclusively by the publishers, and thus it is hoped that those who have heretofore gone to the House or the Senate to listen to a speech will become paying subscribers to the *Record* in order to get more and better literary stuff.

It is thought that the time will come at last when Congress will be merely opened with the aid of a powerful prayer, and then the various associate editors of the *Record* will repair to their committee-rooms, thus refreshed and purified, to write their editorials for the great magazine and its eager readers.

In the humorous department several changes will be made with great advantage to the paper; it is thought Senator Riddleberger will give less time to histrionic humor hereafter, and thus have more leisure for sparkling and bubbling in the columns of the *Record*. Heretofore many of his best things were not reported, as the blue pencil has slaughtered his brightest and goodliest humor. He will now have a chance to do his best, and see that his work is properly printed. Mr. Riddleberger will also handle the laughter font and (hic!) galley under contract with the editor of the *Record*, with a positive obligation on his part not to contribute to any other paper in the meantime.

This may read like a puff for the *Congressional Record*, but I feel a growing interest in the paper which is far above mercenary considerations. The paper is one that I have watched with much solicitude for many years. It has had a hard struggle, and other papers have hopped on it in a critical way that made my heart bleed. Now it is prospering. It has a good staff, and, best of all, it is backed by Congress with writers like Preston B. Plumb and Amos J. Cummings, old journalists, who can write a speech for themselves or others whose heads may give them pain when they try to use them for thinking purposes. With a hell-box full of statistics and a two-bushel coffee sack full of poetry, to say nothing of pick-ups, or picks-up, rather, in the way of [Prolonged sensation, applause in the gallery and cries of "Shet up!"], the *Record* is better equipped than ever before, and yet there will be no addition made to the price. A Representative, who is also the associate editor, tells me that they think of making the *Record* also an illustrated magazine at no distant date. Senator Brown of Georgia will contribute, with valuable articles on table etiquette, and Senator Stanford will prepare a treatise on "How to Acquire a Competency; or, The Mighty Masterpiece of a Self-made Man." An ex-Senator from Florida will prepare an article of 2,000 words on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" The Hon. Daniel Webster Voorhees of Indiana will write a continued story about the war. He will be followed by an Old Soldier and many citizens. Senator Edmunds will write something on the care of the hair. He will be followed by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. Senator Ingalls will do the paragraphing for the *Record* this year, and Senator Quay will oversee the job printing.

It is a bright, cheery sight, indeed, at a late hour of the night to drop in and see the staff at work on the forthcoming paper. In the midst of it all a member of Congress

SENATOR HOAR'S GALLEY.

...rries in with a bicycle item, marked "Hurry!" or a panting secretary comes in ...ith something for the chess column. All ...e alive, all are busy, and, with tireless ...d and rumbling brain, they are getting ...ether the great paper which is soon to ...et the eye of the eager reader.

...the desk Mr. Cox is measuring the ...g for an employe, while at a case near ...ator Hoar is looking over a galley of ...thcoming speech and sprinkling it ...spicuous. The grateful perfume of ... perspiration and hot-roller composi... ...its the senses, such as they are. ... is a timid knock at the door. ... Reed, of Maine, comes in with a ... ... he would like to see in ... ... he says, he will sur...

say that the *Congressional Record* is the coming paper. It embodies all the good features of many more voluminous publications, and yet is ever fresh. At least it is just as fresh as it ever was. It combines all the earnest form of an English joke book with the frothy figures and statistics of a census report, the bright personal information of a city directory with a dog chain on it, the gentle pathos of the tax roll for 1888, the thrill and throb embodied in a thousand-mile coupon book over the Tip Up and Whistle Railroad, and the bloodcurdling plot found in Noah Webster's works.

Basely Ungrateful.

An old fellow sat on a rail fence. His hat lay on the ground; his long hair was tangled and his face wore a revengeful expression. A traveler, noticing the old fellow's hardness of countenance, stopped and thus addressed him:

"You seem to be worried."

"Am."

"What's the matter?"

"Got a duty to perform."

"It must be an unpleasant one."

"No, the duty is pleasant enough, but the waiting is tiresome."

"Why do you wait?"

"See that house up yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, the's a fellow in there that I am going to larrup as soon as he comes out."

"He has done you an injury, I suppose."

"He has."

"What did he do?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He came into this neighborhood about six months ago and began to practice medicine. I have been a practicing physician in this community for thirty years, yet I treated the upstart kindly. How did he repay me? With the basest ingratitude, sir. I'll tell you how it was. About two weeks ago old Peter Nolan was taken awfully sick. He was as sick a man as I ever saw in my life. Why, he had swamp fever, rheumatism, pleurisy, and a number of other diseases. I was called in. As soon as I looked at him I saw that he had no show, and I told him that it would not be honest for me to give him medicine and take his money when I knew that I could do him no good."

"That was surely commendable," said the traveler.

"Of course; but mark the difference. That young snipe was called in. What did he do? Act with corresponding honesty? No, sir, he pitched in and gave old Pete a lot of medicine."

"And killed him, eh?"

"Well, no; the scoundrel has about cured him."

"Yes, but that proves him to be a good physician."

"A good physician!" the old fellow exclaimed. "Why, blast him, he knew that I had said old Pete couldn't live. He knew that my profesional reputation was at stake. Why didn't he let the old fool die? Why did he want to cure him and ruin me? It was an unprofessional act, sir, and just as soon as he comes out of that house I'm going to whale him. I am not going to be insulted in my old age, and above all, I am not going to allow a young popinjay to ruin the profession. Wait till he comes out and you'll hear something drop."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Arboriculture in New Mexico.

Lawlessness in New Mexico seems to be on the increase. Various reasons and explanations have been given for the prevailing bad condition of society, but none of them are satisfactory.

In our humble opinion the true cause is to be found in the fact that there are very few trees in that country, and what trees there are are not of proper size on which to suspend outlaws, hence many of them escape who otherwise would dangle.

A good tree for the frontier is the live oak, with its tough, wide-spreading branches and suggestively overhanging limbs. Trees of this type have a much greater moral effect in a frontier country than those who dwell in the busy haunts of men can possibly imagine.

It is perhaps a rough way of disposing of criminals, but desperate diseases demand similar remedies. It has been noticed in frontier countries where the live oak flourishes lawlessness is banished almost as effectually as malaria is by the eucalyptus. The lower limbs of the live oaks should be trimmed off so as to give the fruit plenty of room to swing free.

It is with frontier settlements pretty much as it is with raising children. In the families where the mothers wear slippers, one of which she can easily remove and promptly apply to the slippery boys, they, the boys, cannot help growing up to be useful citizens.

On the other hand, in families where slippers are unknown and where buttoned or laced shoes are worn instead, it being a great deal of trouble to remove such shoes, discipline is lax and the boys grow up to fill legislative halls or penitentiaries.

The unslippered boy, in the absence of timely correction, grows reckless, finally runs for office or becomes a desperado, in either event bringing a disgrace upon his family.

What New Mexico needs is trees. Arboriculture will change New Mexico from a wild frontier country into a comparative paradise.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Struggles of Authorship.

If you have not positive talent the sooner you are crowded out as a writer the better for yourself and the reading world—more especially yourself. And yet, it seems to me, if one is so much in love with his chosen work and a desire to benefit humanity through it, as to become miserable and to find life confined to any other path, an aimless existence, it would be better to continue in this work, solely in the hope of it some time proving a benefit to mankind—setting aside the selfish desire of reaping the reward yourself. Alas, that it is so! How many have left a record of their thoughts (unappreciated in their lifetime) that have caused their memory to be revered, and filled the coffers of succeeding generations, long after the brains that gave them birth and the hands that penned them have passed from earthly life.—*Monnie Moore, in St. Louis Magazine.*

"Deuced Clever, by Jove."

A friend of mine was visited not long ago by an English gentleman, who seemed to take a great interest in whatever was shown to him, and to be highly appreciative of American institutions, howbeit his admiration was rather monotonous in expression.

My friend piloted him through one of our cotton mills.

"Deuced clever,

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

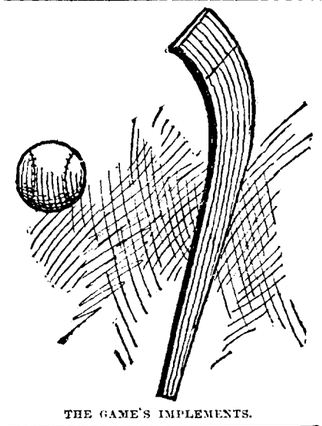
THE IRISH NATIONAL GAME BECOMING AMERICANIZED.

The Exciting Game of Hurling, and How It Is Played—Diagram of the Field—A Talk with the Champion Individual Hurler of the Green Isle.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

WHEN we consider the numerous Irishmen that have made their homes in this country it is a bit surprising that their national game has not become Americanized. Base-ball is not better known and appreciated here than is hurling in Ireland, and yet until this winter there has been no systematic effort to introduce the game to this continent. Occasional matches have been played in various large cities, so that the name of the game is recognized, but it has not as yet taken a conspicuous place among American sports. It bids fair now, however, to enjoy a considerable boom, and by another season there may be a hurling league with championship contests and big audiences at the grounds to see the fun.

The importance of this game on the other side of the Atlantic may be inferred from the fact that in the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland there are seventeen hundred hurling clubs. Each club must have a membership of at least twenty-one active players, for that is the regulation number of men to a side in championship matches. This tremendous league manages to discover the champion club every year, and at this time the season of play is in full blast. As it would take several years of constant playing to play every team in the seventeen hundred against every other, the association has adopted a system of subordinate matches in order to eliminate from the "All Ireland" champion-hip contests such clubs—and that means the great majority—as would have no hope of winning. From the 1st of February to April 20 every county in Ireland is alive with matches played by its local clubs. Only such clubs

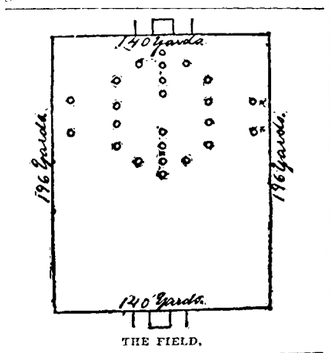


THE GAME'S IMPLEMENTS.

as win the championships of counties are entitled to enter for the "All Ireland" tournament which occurs between April 25 and May 25.

Interest in the game was aroused in this country by the recent visit of Irish athletes. They played exhibition games of hurling in most of the large cities before great audiences. Three of the visiting athletes are still in this country, and one of them, J. J. Cullen, has become a member of the Gaelic Society in New York. Not the least reason for his stay here is the desire of the society to introduce hurling as a prominent and regular feature of American sports, and Mr. Cullen is acting as a general instructor. He is honored in Ireland as the champion individual hurler. Under his guidance at least one game is played every pleasant Sunday in the vicinity of New York, and by reason of the open winter the sport has taken a good start.

As hurling is so little understood in America, a diagram of the field is printed herewith, as well as a picture of the tools of the game and some sketches of the play. It will be seen that the field is very similar to that used for football. The dimensions are marked in the diagram, and the general positions of the men in a full team are indicated. None of these positions are strictly maintained during play, for, as in football, the men must be where the ball is, and the immediate scene of action is constantly changing. It is possible to play a good game of hurling with fourteen men on a side, but in that case the grounds should be smaller. The Irish



THE FIELD.

rules allow of a field as small as 140 yards by 84 yards, and there is no objection to a field larger than that indicated in the diagram. Four goal posts are set up at each end of the field. They are twenty-one feet apart, and across the two in the middle is a bar ten and a half feet from the ground. The general object of the game is to send the hurley ball across the goal line between the middle posts and below the cross-bar. The difference between this play and football will be noticed, for in football it is the object to send the ball over the cross-bar of the goal posts.

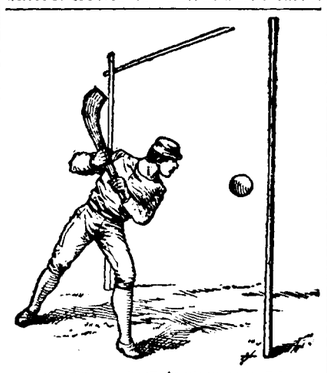
The chief implement of the game is of wood, shaped somewhat like a hockey, though much broader and heavier. It is called a hurley. The Irish rules do not define the pattern to be used. The hurley ball is made of cork and woolen thread, and is covered with leather. It should be four and a half or five inches in diameter, and weigh from seven to ten ounces. How the game is played may best be put in the words of Mr. Cullen, who told the writer all about it recently.

"To begin with," he said, "each side has an umpire, and there is a referee whose judgment is final on all disputed points. When the opposing captains have tossed for choice of positions, the hurlers stand in two lines in the middle of the field, touch hurleys across, and then separate. That is a formal recognition that the players are friendly and are ready to begin. The referee, who stands a little distance from the end of the two lines, then throws the ball between them, either rolling it along the ground or tossing it higher than the players heads. After that each side strives to get the ball across the goal line opposite

these rules or any others are violated, the referee may punish the offending side by allowing the other a free 'puck' if he thinks fit, in which case no player of the offending side may approach nearer than twenty-one yards until the ball has been struck. A goal is won when the ball is sent between the middle posts and under the cross bar; if the ball goes over the bar, or over the goal line between the outside posts and the goal, a point is scored. There is no score when the ball crosses the goal line outside the limits marked by the four posts. When a point or goal has been scored, the goal keeper has a free 'puck' from his post, in which case the men opposed to him must stand off at a distance of twenty-one yards."

"What if the ball goes over the boundaries at the side of the field?"

"If it does not rebound into the field, the referee must throw it back at the point where it crossed the line, in which case it



THE GOAL-KEEPER'S OPPORTUNITY.

must touch the ground before it reaches the players, who must stand ten yards away from the line when the ball is thrown. After playing for half an hour the referee calls time, and the sides reverse their positions. The game ends with another half-hour's play. The count, of course, is by goals and points. If no goals have been made by either side, the one that made the most points is the victor. The same rule applies when each side has made the same number of goals, but one goal will outweigh any number of points, so that if one side got ten or a dozen points but no goal and the other got one goal but no points, the latter would be the winner."

"Does not the game necessitate a good deal of rough play?"

Mr. Cullen smiled. "Maybe," he said, "maybe it does. Let me read you the Irish rule on that point. 'No player to catch, trip, push from behind, or butt with the head. No player to bring his hurley intentionally in contact with the person of another player.' Now, the referee has the greatest discretion possible in interpreting this rule. He may disqualify a player for a breach of it, and in that case his side is not permitted to substitute another player. The referee may inflict various penalties for undue vigor in play, such as suspending a hurler for a short time, allowing the opposite side a free 'puck,' and so on. Nevertheless it is not uncommon to get out of a game with aching shins, and any number of bruises. The better the player, of course, the less likely is he to injure his opponents, but in the excitement of play it is not to be wondered at that some blows are accidentally given."

"Are there any professional hurlers in Ireland, that is, men who make a business of playing the game?"

"Not one. No one plays for a salary or any other remuneration than emblems of skill and success. Nevertheless, I think that the possibilities of the game are as highly developed as if there were a league of professional players. Everybody in Ireland plays the game, from school children

A SCRIMMAGE.

to old men. The seventeen hundred clubs in the Gaelic Association represent not only upward of thirty-five thousand active hurlers, but many thousands more who are not deemed expert enough to have a position on a county team. There is much interest in our Weehawken games, and I look forward to seeing the sport secure a strong foothold in this country." TERPSICHORE.

Young Tyrants.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double seat in the car, and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat, and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't, because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already sitting at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, that home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window." When 7-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—*Century Magazine.*

Taken by a Shark While Singing.

Few stories of death by shark-bite equal in horror the one reported in our impression of to-day. An English sailor was employed in cleaning the side of a ship in the harbor of Sierra Leone, when he suddenly disappeared from the view of his astonished messmates. He had his feet in the water as he sat at his work, and he was singing a song. He never came to the surface. His friends were far from suspecting the cause of his disappearance until a day or two after, when one of his limbs was discharged from the maw of a captured shark. The shark had caught him by the foot and dragged him down, and, as there was too much reason to believe, had waged a fierce fight ev... with ... of

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

THIS is a good, solid piece of advice for everyone to profit by. Let other people's business alone and attend strictly to your own affairs, and as a rule you will find "your own affairs" more than enough to keep you busy, if well attended to.

Why should you interest yourself in the doings of your neighbors? They do not concern you in the least. Keep on your own side of the fence and watch the progress of your own garden, not your neighbor's. Supposing he does sell some of his potatoes or beans, is it any of your business? Don't go into the house and remark to your wife that you guess Neighbor White must be pretty hard up, selling his garden products. Don't do this, I say; for if your wife or daughter should happen to repeat your remark, just imagine the trouble you would be in.

If you must worry, why not worry about your own affairs, not other people's? Supposing the express wagon does stop across the street at the house opposite and leave two large trunks? Is it necessary for you to spend the remainder of the day watching the house as if you were a detective, just to satisfy yourself as to who the owner of those trunks can be, and if he or she, as the case may be, comes on foot or in a carriage?

Really it is none of your business, and you know it all the time; yet you deliberately take your stand at the window behind the lace curtains, and watch and wait with a display of patience that is worthy of a better cause. And, after all, you do not notice any unusual commotion about the house, and you are not rewarded by even a glimpse of a new arrival. You feel sure no one could have entered that house without your seeing them, for you have not taken your eyes off the "handle of the big front door" since the arrival of those mysterious trunks.

The next day, perhaps, you manage to find out all about "those trunks;" but what good does it do you? It really didn't amount to anything, after all. In other words, it was none of your business, and naturally, after your curiosity was satisfied, your interest quickly abated.

Make it a point to attend thoroughly to your own affairs, and you will be surprised to find how little leisure time you will have to bother your head over the personal affairs of your friends and neighbors.

Gov. Hovey of Indiana.

Gen. Alvin P. Hovey, the newly elected Governor of Indiana, whose picture is printed herewith, is a native-born Hoosier, having first seen the light of day in Posey County, in 1821. He was educated in the common schools and by private teachers; taught school one year in 1840; was admitted to the bar September 25, 1842; was commissioned First Lieutenant June, 1846, for service in the war with Mexico; was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the State of Indiana 1850; was Circuit Judge of the Third

GOV. HOVEY OF INDIANA.

Judicial Circuit in that State from 1851 to 1854; was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of that State in 1854; nominated by the Democratic party, and beaten by Hon. Samuel Gookins, Republican and Know Nothing candidate, in the same year; was President of the Democratic Mass Convention of the State of Indiana in 1855; was appointed District Attorney of the United States for the State of Indiana by President Pierce in 1856, and was removed from that office by President Buchanan in 1858 for supporting Stephen A. Douglas, to give place to Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees; was beaten by Hon. W. E. Niblack for Congress in 1858; was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment Indiana Volunteers August, 1861; commissioned Brigadier General of Volunteers April, 1862; in July, 1864, was commissioned Brevet Major General of Volunteers "for meritorious and distinguished services during the war;" was in command of the Eastern District of Arkansas, at Helena, in 1863; and the District of Indiana 1864–'65; he served under Generals Fremont and Hunter, in Missouri, in 1861, with General Grant at Shiloh and the Vicksburg campaign, and with General Sherman in his March to the Sea, down to Kenesaw; commanded brigades and divisions in the army in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Port Gibson, Champion's Hill, Big Black, Siege of Vicksburg, Siege of Jackson, Rocky-faced Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, and Altoona Church; was commissioned United States Minister to the Republic of Peru, South America, in 1865, and resigned in 1870, and was elected to the Fiftieth Congress as a Republican, receiving 18,258 votes against 16,901 for James E. McCullough, Democrat. At the November election he defeated Hon. C. C. Matson for Governor by about 3,000 votes.

A Baltic Saga.

The saga is still told that in the time of Wisby's magnificence two huge carbuncles of priceless value adorned the western facade of St. Nicholas, one being placed in the center of each rose-window. At night these carbuncles the sun

these sparkling jewels from the wall, and placed them on board the largest ship of his fleet, together with the gold and silver, the sacred vessels, and other booty of which he had despoiled the churches. But God in His wrath followed this profaner of His temples. Scarce had Valdemar put to sea when a great storm arose. The ship bearing the sacred spoils was wrecked, and sank with all her ill-gotten booty near the Karl Islands, just off the coast of Gottland. The King himself was saved with difficulty, and taken on board another ship.

And to this day, when a calm broods over the quiet sea, a strange, weird, ruddy light often comes welling up from the depths of the Baltic, and spreads far and wide over the mirror-like face of the waters. And the Gottland fisher, drying his nets on the shore, looks out over the watery plain, illumined by "the light that never was on sea or land," and knows that the sacred lost jewels of the church are now shining from the cavernous depths of ocean.—*W. W. Thomas, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.*

Respect for Women on the Border.

A dozen or fifteen years ago the main street of every Nevada town was a prolonged gambling saloon. Every open door revealed a well-patronized bar and a more popular game of keno or faro beyond the drinking-place. In front of these resorts lounged scores of the most reckless adventurers that ever congregated in one State of the Union. A stranger might deem it more than imprudent for an unprotected lady, or even one with a formidable escort, to run the gantlet of the long rows of gambling-houses and saloons; but to the female residents of the town the feat was anything but dangerous. Day after day one might observe ladies of blameless character and good social position walking past the groups of gamblers and adventurers without any interference or a remark that might bring a blush to the cheek of the most prudish. It is one of the traditions of Virginia, Nev., that on the memorable occasion when a celebrated shotgun fighter was about to perforate an opponent in front of the famous Delta Saloon, Jim Orndoff delayed the bloody duel by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, hold on a minute: here's Mrs. —— (a respectable society lady) coming down the street." Both desperadoes hid their pistols behind their backs till the lady had turned the corner, when they resumed hostilities and shot each other to death in a most merry fashion without unnecessarily wounding the sensitiveness of the fair sex. The incident created such a favorable impression that the chivalrous duelists received the compliment of a quarter column notice in the papers next day and were buried with all the pomp of a mining superintendent who dies suddenly when stocks are at the top figure.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

An Ostrich Race.

At a command from the Doctor one of the Madrasee keepers opened the doors of one of the pens, and in response to the Doctor's call two superb ostriches came running to him. After caressing the gentle creatures for a few moments he showed them a handful of figs of which they are extremely fond. Two of his men then restrained the birds by placing nooses about their legs until he and myself had walked to the other end of the course. Then at a signal from the Doctor, the birds were released and the race began. It was a rare sight. Ornithologists tell us that the stride of the ostrich when feeding is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking, but not feeding, twenty-six inches, and when terrified, from eleven and one-half to fourteen feet. It seemed to me that in this race for a handful of figs from their master these gigantic birds covered the last named distance at every stride.

Like the wind they came, their great necks stretched forward and upward to their utmost length; their wings like arms, working with a motion similar to that made by their legs, and filling the air with a mighty sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. Nearer and nearer they came, their speed increasing with every moment till I was almost terrified lest they should run us down, feeling certain that we could not withstand the shock. They kept well abreast for nearly half the distance, and then one began to forge ahead. He steadily increased his lead till within a few feet of us, when he turned his head, and seeing that his competitor was considerably in the rear, he slackened his pace, and jogged up to the Doctor, received his reward in figs and caresses.—*Los Angeles letter.*

A Large Clock.

A new clock, weighing two and a half tons, has just been placed in the Glasgow University, similar to the great clock at Westminster. The frame of the clock newly erected is horizonal and of cast iron planed. It is 64 feet long, 2 feet wide and 11 feet in depth. It is supported on beams built well into the wall of the tower, so as to obviate vibration. The wheels, which are of gun metal, can be moved separately, as the pivot holes are screwed to the frame. The main wheels of the striking and quarter trains are twenty inches in diameter, and attached to them are cams to lift the hammers, which are fixed in iron frames connected with the clock by cranks, and having a check spring to prevent vibration. The weight of the hammer that strikes the hour is 120 pounds, and it is lifted ten inches.

There is an automatic apparatus attached to the clock, which stops the quarter peals at night and starts them in the morning. The escapement of the going part is known as the double three-legged gravity invented by Lord Grimthorp. The pendulum is of zinc and iron, to counteract influences of temperature. The tubes are arranged so that the expansion of one raises the center of gravity, while that of the other lowers it. The bob of the pendulum is cylindrical, weighing three hundred-weight, and the beat is one and one-half seconds. The "bolt and shutter" appliance of the nobleman already named maintains the motion while the clock is being wound.—*New York Graphic.*

A Costly Tomb.

The Duke of Hamilton's family mausoleum rivals anything of the kind ever known. It cost $900,000. The tomb is a model of the Castello di San Angelo at Rome, and the internal decorations are superb, the gates being a copy of the Ghiberti gates at Florence, ... of Duke Alexander, who

TRAINING THE LITTLE ONES.

BY AUNT RHODA.

DON'T forget that you brought your children into the world without their knowledge or consent. Your children have not only bodies but minds. Rest for the body and amusement for the mind are demands of nature which too many parents ignore. If you do not provide for your children healthful and sufficient amusement, then thank God for His mercy on you if your children do not take to dangerous or wicked pleasures when they are older.

Don't demand respect of your children or endeavor to enforce it by your authority. Respect is paid not to those who demand, but to those who deserve it.

Don't neglect your children's friends. Invite them to your house. Show your children that their friends are your friends, and your children's friends will be such as you will approve.

Don't be jealous of your children's friends. If you make your society delightful to your children, they will always prefer you to any other companion. If your child prefers every one else to you, stop and ponder whether you have not compelled him to seek elsewhere the companionship, love, and sympathy he ought to find in you.

Don't be afraid to let your children see your love for them. Let a child feel that no matter where he goes or what he does, no matter whether friends forsake or foes slander him, his parents' love and trust will always follow him, and that child is not only safe

for all time, but the thought of this love will shine out like a lamp in a dark place, cheering and strengthening him against all odds.

Don't forget that the great Father of all has had infinite trouble with you. You have been just as refractory, ungrateful and disobedient as any child you have. Let this thought temper your anger, and make you wise to direct a complex human soul.

Swallowed a Live Fish.

While a dance was at its zenith of pleasure at the residence of Mr. Crawson, a bucket of water was drawn from the well and brought in which contained a sucker fish about five inches long. The fish had been placed in the well by the children. The appearance of the sucker in the drinking water caused comment by the company during which one of the young gentlemany vowed he could swallow the little fellow for a dime. This observation occasioned no little bantering and bull-lyragging, until finally he was told that he would be given $5 if he would throw it under his collar. The boaster said he would go him; and, taking the fish by the tail, he laid back his head, spread his potato trap from pole to pole and let her go. Gallagher. The finny explorer shot down the yawning gullet like a well-greased toboggan, its extended fins raking the sides with a sort of ripping sound as of laceration, and sickening to hear. The feat accomplished, the swallower unbuttoned his shirt-collar, gave himself a flirt and shake, and proclaimed in a loud voice that he could "swaller a live dog with his tail curled over his back, catch as catch can and no limit to size, for $5." But he got well away with his bluff (if bluff it was), for no one doubted his ability to do so; and this, coupled with the fear that the passage of a dog might imperil his diaphragm, brought the side-show diversion to a close, and the dance went on with renewed joy until the break of day.—*Idaho Democrat.*

Cheap Restaurant Slang.

"So if I were to give the cook your order as stated by you, and say, 'One porterhouse steak,' the cook would broil himself to death on the coals in astonishment. I'd simply say, 'brownstone front,' and your order would be served to a turn. So fried ham is reduced to 'one in the pan' and boiled eggs to 'two in the water.' Poached eggs, in our vernacular, becomes 'chippies on the fence,' and if desired on toast, 'three on horseback.' Scrambled eggs signify 'shipwreck,' and milk toast is furnished by ordering 'graveyard stew.' Spare ribs are 'hoopskirts' and sausage in the kitchen takes the name of 'cable line.' And to summarize, soup is shouted 'bowl up'; hot cakes, 'stack 'em up'; biscuits are 'life preservers'; tea is 'Chinese bluid,' milk, 'essence of cow,' and water simply 'float.' 'Summer time' is the call for oatmeal. The delicacy of frog's legs is known as 'song and dance men without a body,' and evidence of Boston culture, pork and beans, calls for the patriotic synonym, 'stars and stripes.' Now, what's your order? 'Pates de foie gras.' Oh, heavens! Let me make the cook commit suicide."—*Omaha Herald.*

A German Exposition.

The sum of 5,000,000 marks has ... raised by the Export Society of ... many for a floating exhibition pala... the form of a steel ship 564 feet ... with four engines and four screws ... is expected that this vessel will ... from Hamburg on its first voy... 1890. If the anticipated profit of ... 000 marks annually is realized, fl... exhibitions will be likely to ... common during the next few y...

Arkansaw Traveler.

The Mad...

...—I wou...

Poetry and Miscellany.

A LABOR SONG.

"I'm going home," the refrain came,
In joyful accents ringing,
I paused beside a window pane
Where sat a woman singing,
She, bending o'er her humble work,
New courage seemed to borrow;
Her voice rang through the twilight mirk,
"I'm going home to-morrow."

Then all about that dingy room,
Through all its grimy whiteness,
There shone a light that made the gloom
Glow with celestial brightness.
And from the singer's careworn face
Passed every line of sorrow,
As sung she in that gloomy place,
"I'm going home to-morrow."

Oh, chorister of faith and hope,
In labor's by-paths lowly,
Why should I, weary, doubting, grope?
Your psalm of life is holy.
Why, then, need I, from day to day,
Much useless trouble borrow?
Why not sing your gladsome lay?
"I'm going home to-morrow."

—*Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.*

A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

IN 1831 occurred one of the most remarkable Indian battles on record. Considering the numbers engaged and the results, it scarcely has an equal. It was fought by James Bowie, Rezin P. Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jessie Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas D. Hamm, James Coryell, Thomas McCaslin, and two servant boys, Charles and Gonzalcs.

They set out from San Antonio, November 2d, in search of old silver mines on the San Saba river. "Nothing particular occurred," says Rezin P. Bowie, who gives the account, "until the 19th, on which day, about 10 a. m., we were overhauled by two Comanche Indians and a Mexican captive. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's band (a chief of the Comanche tribe), and were on their way to San Antonio with a drove of horses which they had taken from the Wacos and Tehuacanas and were returning to their owners, citizens of San Antonio. After smoking and talking with them an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, etc., they returned to their party, who were waiting on the Llano river.

"We continued our journey until night closing upon us, we encamped. The next morning between daylight and sunup, the above named Mexican captive came to our camp, his horse very much fatigued, and after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to inform us that we were pursued by 124 Tehuacanas and that forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonic had held a talk with them all the previous evening, and had endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose, but they still persevered, and left him enraged, and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above the Mexican produced the silver medal of his chief, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated that his chief requested him to state that he had but sixteen men, but if they would return and join him, such succor as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavor to reach the old fort on the San Saba river, a distance of about forty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party and we proceeded. Throughout the day we encountered bad roads, being covered with wild rocks, and the feet of the horses being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some little difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot to camp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them was a thicket of live oak bushes about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at a distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water. The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, some rocks and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare for defense by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes ten feet from the edge all around, and clearing the prickly pears from among the bushes, we hoppled our horses and placed sentries for the night. We were now six miles distant from the old fort above mentioned. Nothing occurred through the night, and we lost no time in the morning in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground tracking. The cry of 'Indians!' was given, and 'all hands to arms!' We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them they gave the war whoop, halted, and commenced to prepare for the fight. A number of Indians were reconnoitering the ground. Among them we discovered a few Caddo Indians—by the cut of their hair—who had always previously been friendly to the Americans.

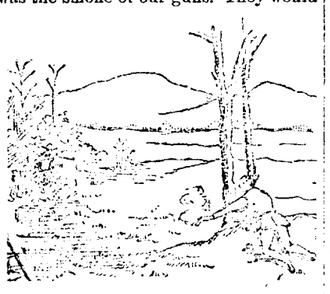
Their number being so much greater than ours (164 to eleven), it was agreed that Rezin P. Bowie should be sent out to endeavor to compromise rather than attempt to fight. He accordingly started, with Davie Buchanan in company and walked up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and requested them in their own tongue to send forward their chief as we wanted to talk with him. Their answer was, 'How de do? How de do?' in English and a discharge of twelve shots at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barreled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon them which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and [illegible] Bowie's hunting shirt in several [illegible] doing him any injury.

"We then discovered that a hill about sixty yards northeast of us was red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire upon us with loud yells—the chief on horseback, urging them in a loud, audible voice to charge, walking his horse, perfectly composed. When we first discovered it our guns were all empty with the exception of that of Mr. Hamm, James Bowie cried out, 'Who is loaded?' Mr. Hamm answered, 'I am.' He was then told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all of the balls took effect through the shield. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him away. Several of these were shot by our party. The whole body then retreated back of the hill out of sight, with the exception of a few Indians who were running about from tree to tree, out of gunshot.

"They now covered the hill for the second time, bringing up their bowman, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows, which we returned with a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant another chief appeared on horseback near the spot where the last one fell. The same question, 'Who is loaded?' was asked. The answer was, 'Nobody,' when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe and borne off under our fire.

"During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear, at about forty yards distance, and opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering the left breast and coming out at the back. As soon as he cried out that he was wounded Thomas McCaslin hastened to the spot where he fell and observed, 'Where is the Indian that shot Doyle?' He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture there, as from the reports of their guns they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece was shot in the centre of his body and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, 'Where is the Indian that shot McCaslin?' He was told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian and while bringing his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time our enemies formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters. Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave them and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were within point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in doing by shooting most of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us.

"The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous gave us now an advantageous situation over that of the enemy, as we had a fair view of them when they could not see us. We baffled their shots by moving eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would



put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours and had one man wounded, James Coryell, who was shot through the arm and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a small bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

"They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket by the uncertainty of killing us at random, they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought down half a dozen at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem by putting fire to the dry grass on the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us out of our position and under cover of the smoke carry away their dead and wounded which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west and they placed the fire in that direction, where it burned down all the grass to the creek and then bore off to the right and left, leaving about five acres untouched by the fire. Under cover of this smoke they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the meantime our party was engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage to prevent the fire from passing over them, and likewise piling rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork. They now discovered that they failed to rout us out by fire, as they had anticipated. They then reoccupied the points of rocks and trees in the prairie and commenced another attack.

The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north and blew very hard.

"We now discovered our dangerous situation should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all around. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up rocks and placing them around the wounded men. The point from which the wind blew being favorable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass which had not been burned, but before he could retreat back to his party was killed by Robert Armstrong.

"At this time we saw no hope of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done? We must either be burned alive or driven into the prairie among the savages. This encouraged the Indians, and to make it more awful their shouts and yells rent without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to the determination had they charged, to give them one fire, place our backs together, draw our knives and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The question was should they not charge and we retain our position we must be burned up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as best he could until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it would be smothered with buffalo robes, bearskins, deer skins and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

"Our thicket being so much burned and scorched that it afforded little or shelter, we all got into the ring that was made around our wounded men and baggage, and commenced building our breast work higher with the loose rocks from the inside and dirt dug up with our knives? During this last fire the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, and they seeing us still alive and ready to fight, drew off at a distance of 300 yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded.

"Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification, and succeeded in getting it breast high by 10 p. m. We now filled our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians nearly all night crying over their dead, which is their custom, and at daylight they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They after that set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited them in a cave in the side of it. At eight in the morning two of our party went out from the fortification to the encampment where the Indians had lain the night previous and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the dead and wounded had been lying.

"Finding ourselves much cut up—having one man killed and three wounded, five horses killed and three wounded—we recommenced strengthening our little fort and continued our labors until 1 p. m., when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into it again. As soon as they discovered that we were still there, and ready for action and well fortified, they put off. We after that remained in our fort eight days." The company then set out for San Antonio, where they arrived safely with their wounded and horses in twelve days.—*Christian Advocate.*

MISCHIEF OF MONKIES.

Queer Pranks of the Fun Loving Animals in the Quiet City.

One of the most roguish of the pets in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden is a baboon familiarly known as "Rocks," and who is quartered for the winter in a wing devoted to the lions, tigers and other carnivorous animals. Rocks has the use of a cage large enough for the biggest hon in the place, and with an abundance of straw to sleep on and play with, he lives like a little lord.

One of his most peculiar traits is his fondness for rats and mice, and the keepers have many, many tales to tell of his experiences with these small creatures. His particular delight is to capture a rat that may have strayed unwarily within his reach, and then make a plaything of the captive. Quite recently he thus caught a goodly-sized rat, and had great sport with it until his enthusiastic caresses killed it and spoiled his fun. Even then, however, he clung to his strange plaything and refused to give it up to the keeper, continuing his efforts to awaken his pet to playfulness until he had worn all the hair from its body, and only parted with it when the keeper forcibly took it from him.

Another and more recent episode showed that Rocks had inferred from his former experiences that rats were forbidden toys for him. It was late at night, and the keeper, while going his rounds, heard a most prodigious squealing in the vicinity of Rocks's cage. He presumed it to be the voice of a rat, and quietly listened to see what it meant. As the light of the keeper's lantern flashed into Rocks's cage an amusing scene was revealed. Rocks had captured a rat nearly as large as a half-grown cat, and was having no end of fun with his prisoner. The baboon was seated on the floor, with his back against the wall of the cage, one of his long bony hands holding the rat firmly around the body, while with the other he vigorously tweaked the tail of the captive, just as a child would work a jumping-jack.

Rocks held the rat close to his face, and further amused himself by grinning and grimacing in his fiercest and most terrifying manner, a proceeding that evidently much disconcerted the rat. No sooner did Rocks see the keeper than he quickly shoved the rat under the straw and let it go, then marching gravely up to the bars of his cage gazed at the keeper with an air of superior innocence.

But Rocks is not the only mischievous and therefore interesting member of the monkey family in the garden. In the large family residing in the monkey house there are three or four spry little fellows that are known for their insatiable thieving propensities. Their particular delight is to snatch a bright feather or bit of gay ribbon from the hat of an unsuspecting lady visitor.

Many ladies who visit the monkey house become so absorbed in watching the pranks of the monkeys that they forget all danger until a little arm and hand are thrust quickly between the bars and the most valuable part or a $20 hat is torn from its owner and carried up among the rafters of the house, where it is deliberately picked to pieces by half a dozen impish little semblances of humanity. Or, perhaps, it is a man who is made the victim. He feels his $3.50 soft felt hat gently lifted from his head, and, looking up, he beholds a couple of chattering monkeys tugging his headgear through the bars.

Before he can seize it it has gone beyond his reach, and the next moment it is somewhere up in the top of the cage, and the apes are busy pulling it apart. Out comes the lining, which one of the monkeys puts gleefully upon his head, and then they all proceed gravely in turn to try on what remains of the hat. Once in the clutch of the monkeys a feather, hat or any other article may well be counted as lost, for they make the shortest kind of work of anything that comes within their reach. When visitors are plenty the monkeys feel that they are doing very poorly if they do not succeed in pilfering four or five feathers in a day with an occasional soft felt hat by way of diversion.

A few days ago a tiny monkey succumbed to an overdose of peanuts, and mother, ending invariably in a victory for the young one, until death followed the over-indulgence in peanuts. Then followed another scene. The bereaved mother clasped her dead offspring in her arms and hugged it as if trying to bring back the life that had fled, and it was only after long persuasion that the keepers could induce the mother to give up her dead baby.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE CURIOUS COREANS.

Far Behind the Japanese in Society Ways—Peculiar Notions.

If all the stories regarding the Coreans are true, says a Washington letter to the New York *Times*, it would seem that the two members of the legation now in Washington enjoy a glorious immunity from the observance of the set rules of society. At one of the fashionable tea parties last week it was noticed that the gorgeously-apparaled Orientals were beaming delightedly upon the bevy of pretty young girls of which the receiving party was composed. Later on it was learned from the hostess that not only had they come uninvited to the party, but this was the first time she had ever seen them save at a distance. She concluded with the remark: "From what I understand they seem to imagine they can go into any house where they see there is a reception in progress." However that may be, the two Coreans go everywhere and seem in some unaccountable way to derive a keen enjoyment from so doing. It appears to be unaccountable, because they seem in the truest sense to be strangers in a strange land. It is a rare occurrence to see any one talking to them. They stand apart gazing at the doings of the gay crowd in a weird sort or fascination. One reason for their present social isolation is doubtless the fact that their knowledge of the language is so limited as to preclude the possibility of engaging in conversation beyond the trite commonplaces, "Good morning," "good-bye," and "nice day."

The clothing worn by the Coreans, though much more gorgeous than the robes affected by the Chinamen, cannot compare with the latter in texture or richness of material. The Corean taste in such matters appears to have been patterned after the plumage of the parrots, for on state occasions their attire is either a daring combination of purple, green and blue, or the scarlet gray and yellow of a cockatoo. The flimsy silks of which these gowns are fashioned are chosen for economic reasons, and that same economy is reported to be a potent factor in the domestic arrangements of the legation.

Upon the arrival of the Coreans in this country and for some time thereafter it was generally understood that their fare was of the simplest description. Three times a day the legation gathered at the table for the enjoyment of a native dish which consisted of cabbage, rice and scraps of meat boiled together in a big iron pot for several hours. But that the Coreans have learned to enjoy the good things of civilized culinary art is assured by a friend who entertained them at dinner in New York before the departure of the minister for his native country. The hostess, wishing to be polite to her guests, considered it necessary to address some part of her conversation to each in turn. This, of course had to be repeated through the interpreter, who was also called upon to convey the answer to the hostess. It may be readily seen that neither the hostess nor the interpretor could avail themselves to any extent of the good things. A few days after the dinner the Coreans arrived in due state to make their call, when they remained four hours.

The Japanese Legation is as wholly different from that of the Coreans as it is possible to imagine. The air of the place is thoroughly American and to the stranger the impression on entering would be that made by any private house in the city—that is, one where the taste of the hostess ran to Japanese screens, jars, and carved bits of furniture, for the rooms are filled with such things. Mme. Mutsu is a very small woman, who strangely enough appears to advantage in the dress of this country, which she always wears. The material of the gowns is always elegant and their make-up shows the hand of an artist. One would never imagine to look at the delicately-built little woman, with the smooth and ivory complexion, that she was the mother of a daughter 13 years of age, who is now a pupil at a school in this city. The Minister is tall and angular in appearance, most courteous in his manners, and like the majority of foreigners, a strict observer of the niceties of etiquette. Not long ago he and his wife were the guests of honor at a dinner party given by a member of the diplomatic corps. On the morning of the day on which the dinner was given the Minister went to the residence of his host to inquire whether or not a toast was to be given, in order that he might spend the day in studying up his English sufficiently to understand and reply to it. The Minister and his wife attended the musicale given by Secretary and Mrs. Whitney a week ago, and throughout the playing of the Adamowski quartette Mme. Mutsu was an attentive and delighted listener, at the finale manifesting her approbation by vigorous applause.

London Fogs.

This smoke is made up of particles of carbon, to which particles the minute globules of water attach themselves until they form a mass of such bulk as to be perfectly opaque. It is the adhesion of water to carbon which institutes the mechanical mixture.

The accumulation of fog from the causes named cannot go on for many hours without disturbances arising which tend to lessen the evil. In winter the fires of London keep the temperature of the air over the city two or three degrees higher than it is in the surrounding country.

The result is an upward current of air, rising to a considerable height, and carrying a cloud of smoke which spreads out in the upper strata. Surface currents of air set in motion, and the fog is driven away.

The evil of fogs would be remedied in a measure by substituting for the bituminous coal now used anthracite or wood.—*London Nature.*

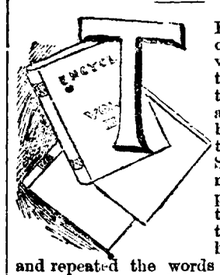
A New Russian Textile.

A new textile has been discovered in Russia on the borders of the Caspian Sea. The plant is called kanaff by the natives and attains a height of ten feet. From it a chemist has obtained a textile matter which is soft, elastic and silky, gives a thread which is very tough, and [illegible] without injury. The [illegible]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Newsy Stories. Novel Facts and Queer Happenings Here and There.



THE testimony of travelers in various parts of the world shows that most savages think that books speak to the readers. Some Esquimaux, seeing a priest read from the Bible, thought that he heard the book and repeated the words to them. A Fuegian after hearing a reader, took the book and put it to his ear in order to hear the sound of the voice that spoke to the reader. The savages of West Australia used to be greatly puzzled by the "speaking papers," as they called books and letters. They could not understand how a person receiving a letter announcing the sending of a number of sheep was able to detect by it that one was missing. Some Cochin China Baunois were in like manner astonished at finding that demand for payment for carrying a letter, was defeated by the letter itself, the writer having announced the prepayment of the fee. A California Indian having by a letter been detected in the theft of one of a number of loaves of bread that he was carrying to a missionary, the next time that he had a like errand, hid the note under a stone that it should not see him eat the bread and thus be able to tell of the theft.

ANOTHER romance in real life has just been made public. Twenty-five years ago a young girl who had lived the first twelve years of her life in a New Hampshire farming community moved to Leicester, Me. She was barely able to read and write and went to work in the Bates mill. She became a handsome young woman and married a resident of Auburn, Me. They lived together for five years and had one child. Then they quarreled, and the wife came to Boston and supported herself in a boarding-house. Six months later the husband found her and she returned to her Maine home. They quarreled again and she finally obtained a divorce. She soon went to New York City and secured employment with a millinery firm. She was handsome, and had acquired a certain refinement by contact with the world. Finally she made the acquaintance of a wealthy old gentleman, who fell in love with her. He proposed marriage on the condition that the lady should establish the validity of her divorce. She went to Maine and secured the necessary proofs of her legal release from her first husband. She said her husband-to-be had furnished every means for making herself a lady of refinement. He had provided her instructors in music and in several other branches of education. She told her first husband when she left him that she would be even with him some time. She will be married soon, and with her husband will at once sail for Europe. The gentleman she is about to marry is a prominent carriage and sleigh manufacturer, and is said to be very rich

NINETEEN years ago a woman residing at Kingstown, N. Y., accidentally pushed a needle into her breast. She had been sewing on fine muslin, and she pushed the point of the needle through the lapel of her basque while she inquired into the cause of a quarrel between two children who were playing near by. In a paroxysm of fear the younger child threw herself into the arms of the lady, and as she did so the needle was pushed to far out of sight that only the eye was visible. A quick movement to rescue it resulted in an entire disappearance of the fine bit of steel. No inconvenience was experienced, and the incident was entirely forgotten. A few evenings ago the woman who had carried the needle about her for so many years was awakened out of a sound sleep by a peculiar pricking sensation in the throat. Rising up in bed she began to cough. The pricking became more severe, but the sharp substance appeared to be rising in her throat. Thrusting her fingers down as far as possible, she caught hold of an object and drew it out. It was the needle that had been journeying about under the surface for nineteen years.

A VERY smart man named Peters died recently at St. Petersburg, Russia. He held a lease from the authorities of St. Petersburg of the Island of Petroffski, in the Neva river. This island is situated near the Russian capital, and Mr. Peters got a twenty-one years' lease at a nominal rental on condition that he would raise the island four feet by filling in with earth and other materials. It seems, however, that there was no specification in the lease as to when the filling in could be commenced, and old man Peters, who was then 60 years of age and had calculated on dying before the expiration of the lease, never made any attempt at filling in, but rented different portions of the island, getting therefrom a large income. The Russian authorities made numerous efforts to force the old gentleman to start filling in, but he snapped his fingers at them and defied them to point out in the contract any clause by which they could make him do it. This shrewd old man lived nearly to the expiration of the lease and then died, having amassed, according to reports, a large amount of property.

MR. AND MRS. ROSS, of Morrellville, Pa., are the parents of a son with a remarkable head. The child was born two years ago, at its birth it was apparently sound and healthy. Some time after the child was born its head began to grow out of all proportion to the rest of its anatomy. Doctors were consulted, and everything that medical science suggested was applied to stay the unnatural development. All efforts proved futile, however, and the growth of its head continues. It is now thirty-six inches in circumference, or almost as large as a half-bushel measure. The body is about the right proportion for a two-year old child. The little one cannot stand owing to the weight of its head, neither can it speak, but it seems to understand what is said to it, and to have all its mental faculties unimpaired. The cause of the unnatural growth of the child's head is called by the doctors "hydrocephalus," or in plain English it is the accumulation of fluid in and about the brain. Medical science has no cure for the malady, and death is liable to occur to the sufferer at any time.

IN making the Disston drainage canals, connecting Lakes Tohopekaliga, Cypress, and Kissimmee, in Florida, large ridges of dirt were thrown up on either side of the [illegible]. During the present

bee country with a dozen catamount or Florida tiger skins and various other evidences of a successful chase, report that on one of these ridges a "cracker" and his son slaughtered over 100 rabbitts and half a score of 'possums, besides other game, within an hour. There are many other points where such animals just as numerous. Amateur sportsmen dislike to kill them, as there is very little amusement in such butchery. But the professionals—the hunters for revenue only—will probably clear every accessible ridge within a few weeks.

SILAS BERRY, a young man who works on a farm near Newton, N. J., had a desperate conflict with rats recently. On the farm is a deep brick vault for the storage of brewer's grain. This was packed in so tight last summer that it was necessary to cut it out with a spade. About one-half had been taken out in such a way as to leave a dark hole in the vault. Berry descended into the hole by means of a ladder, and soon he felt a large rat climbing up his trousers leg. He kicked, the rat squealed, and one of the assistants on the outside opened a trap door, letting in a flood of light. Then, just on a level with his head, Berry saw scores of rodents looking at him. They made for him from all directions, and a desperate fight ensued. There were about 100 of the rats, and Berry had no weapons but his hands and heavy boots. It was 20 minutes before any help arrived, and then Berry was taken out of the pit in a fainting condition, and covered with blood from many cuts and scratches. He killed 60 of the pests in his desperate fight.

IN repairing the streets of San Antonio, laborers have been put to work excavating in front of the Alamo, and although they have not gone a foot in depth, they are already turning up mementoes of the famous battle. These consist principally of cannon balls fired by the Mexicans from their smooth-bored artillery. The balls are about three inches in diameter and made of pure copper without alloy of any kind. It is supposed that when the workmen go deeper they will come upon the bones of the defenders. It is stated in history that the remains of Crockett and his companions were buried by Santa Anna at some distance from the fort, but this has been disputed by many who say that the bodies were buried where they fell, and this vexed question is expected to be settled by the work now in progress. Some of the unearthed cannon balls have been preserved for insertion in the foundation stone of the Alamo monument.

SOME months ago, while Dr. G. W. Galvin, of Boston, was attending Mrs. Mary Parker and her new born child, a bulldog, a great pet in the family, got into the room and, jealous of the attentions paid the little one, attempted to bite it. The doctor successfully defended the baby and got it out of the room in the arms of the nurse, but then the dog attacked him, and, before he could subdue it, the vicious brute bit him so that he was confined to the house for some days. The doctor, when he recovered, wanted the mother whose infant he had saved to pay him for the time lost on account of the bites from her dog, but could get no compensation until he appealed to the law. He has just obtained a verdict of $700 damages against Mrs. Parker.

A MARYLANDER who has sat in the hot sun hour after hour waiting for a bite, has invented an automatic fishing pole. The pole rests on two supports, on the shorter of which it works by a pivot. Underneath the two branches of the larger support are two strong spiral springs. These are fastened down in place by a catch which communicates through a long arm with the reel. When the fish is hooked and pulls on the line the reel turns. This throws off the arm, which in turn releases the double springs. Up goes the pole, and the fish is sent flying through the air and out on the bank. The fisherman comes from his loafing place under the tree, puts on fresh bait, sets the pole as before, and goes back to his book or his nap.

SOME ten years ago a woman named Lucie Lafrance came from a country district to Montreal to earn her living as a seemstress. About three years later she was informed by a letter from a friend that the only relative left to her, a sister, had just died. Time rolled on, and a few days ago, in the course of a conversation with her grocer, to whom she was speaking of her family, he informed her that a person from the same parish and of the same name, and corresponding with the description of the sister, lived next door to her. The poor woman hastened to the spot, and after mutual explanations the comforting fact was revealed that the two sisters were again united.

AS TWO nuns belonging to the Convent at St. Joseph, Beauce, in Quebec, Canada, were walking down the road there a few days ago, with one of their little girl charges, a young man engaged in coasting came down a slide at full speed, and would have run down and probably killed the little girl but for the heroic action of one of the nuns, who threw herself before the child to shield her with her own body. The poor nun was shockingly injured, one of her eyes being torn out of the socket, in addition to the other serious hurts which she received.

THREE years ago John Wright, of Pike County, Ga., lost his sight, and the oculists that he consulted agreed that there was no possibility of his ever seeing again. The other day, as Mr. Wright sat on the porch in the sunlight, his eyes began to itch violently. He rubbed them, and when he took away his fingers he was conscious that he could distinguish objects dimly. During the day his power of vision increased, and at last account the old gentleman was in a fair way to see as well as ever.

ELECTRICITY cut up some queer capers with a tree down in New Orleans. A guy cable was attached to the tree from an electric light. In some unaccountable way the cable became crossed with a live wire, and on wet days electricity run down the former. Several times it set the tree afire, and eventually started a blaze which destroyed that part of the tree above the wire. The trunk was examined and its heart was found to have been entirely eaten out by the electricity, leaving a mere shell.

A RICH find—almost $2,000 in gold, bank notes and silver—was made in a bag of oats by a store-keeper of Brentwood, England. He returned the treasure to the poor farmer from whom he bought the oats, and was rewarded with a bushel of grain and the promise of a rabbit. The soil tiller's mother (she died a few months ago) was a miser and is thought to have made a hiding place of the bag, which had long been stored in her son's granary.

THE waters of nearly all the hot springs of the Black Rock, Col., region are said to be an [illegible]

LAST fall Mrs. Cyrenius [illegible] of Hope, Tenn., to encourage [illegible] to lay, placed china nest eggs in a dozen nests. Not long afterward the nest eggs disappeared, and when she went to wash a complete mystery was the other day, when a chicken snake was killed near the hen house, and in the snake were found two of the china eggs.

INFORMATION comes from London that the proper dog now is the greyhound. Greyhound pups have recently fetched as high as 850 guineas, that price having been paid at a London auction for the puppy "Fullerton." Sixty to seventy guineas is said to be a common price for young dogs with any claim to blood.

A NEW explosive has been discovered. Lewis Smith of May Landing, N. J., took a very large sweet potato home the other day, and Mrs. Smith put it into the oven to bake. Soon after there was a terrific explosion, both oven doors were blown off, and the house was shaken thoroughly. The big potato had exploded.

SINCE the stopping of the immigration to this country from China there has been a doubling of the wages of Chinese cigar makers, tailors, gardeners, laundrymen and other workers on the Pacific coast.

A NEGRO boy near Camden, S. C., lost a dollar that belonged to his mother. He felt so badly about it that he began crying bitterly, and did not stop for 24 hours, and then he died from exhaustion.

A PROMINENT figure in Washington is S. W. Hawkins, a tall, copper-colored, intelligent brave, who spends much time at the Capital advocating the claims of the red man to full citizenship.

MR. and Mrs. Ambrose Heath, of Warren county, Ga., were born in 1800. They married when each was 20 years old, and have reared a large family of children.

A Novel Leak-Stopping Device.

Platt B. Viele, of Rochester, N. Y., has been granted a patent for a leak-stopping device for use on vessels which possess some novel features. It consists of a frame work of untempered steel bars, one-eighth of an inch in thickness; either three or four inches wide and either six or nine feet long. In these bars at equal and short distances holes about one-half inch in diameter are bored. These bars, by means of bolts through the holes, can be shaped in almost any desired way.

Over the frame thus constructed the inventor has prepared to have 3—0 or heavier felting ducking. This cloth is very strong and will stand almost any strain.

When a vessel has been stove in or has sprung a leak the dimension and location of the hole is to be ascertained, and then a frame out of these bars made to go over it. When the frame has been made it is to be covered with canvass and then let down the side of the vessel over the hole.

The pressure of the water will suck the canvass in the aperture, and the bars will bend so as to conform to the shape of the hull. This will completely stop the leak, the inventor claims, and the close conformity to the ship's side will serve to hold the apparatus in place.

The steel bars and their flexibility form the chief feature of the invention. By their aid the inventor believes that a hole in any portion of the hull can be stopped. The bars will bend around the sharp bow angle, curve around the keel, or fit snugly against the straighter portions of the hull.

The use of the contrivance is only limited by number of steel bars and amount of ducking which the vessel carries. The bars can be kept in sections and the cloth can be rolled up; the whole affair thus taking no great amount of space. —*New York Journal.*

In a Florida Ice Factory.

In Florida, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice factory.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies imbedded, in all its beauty of form and color—a marvelous thing, I think. The ice-makers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant-colored fish are favorite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way the preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried-out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural color, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chamelon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattlesnake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape-fruit or oranges, a spray of flower, or a series of forest-leaves. But, alas! such a collection would not last a single week.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Heather.

This plant is the heath of the English, also called ling. It grows in great abundance, along with several other kinds, on poor, sandy soil, forming a mass of fibry roots, which is cut three to six inches thick by a turfing iron and burned as fuel. The turf is different from the peats which are cut in blocks from ancient decayed vegetable matter, dried and burned. The true heath is also used as a thatch for outbuildings, cottages, etc., and in olden times was used for even the houses of the well-to-do. It will grow from two to even six feet in height. The flowers are little bells, in great masses, not very conspicuous alone, but, when seen altogether in the fields, a charming sight. The Cross (E, vagans), multiflora, cinerea, and tetralix or cross-leaved heaths, are the most showy in individual [illegible]

It is a little singular that [illegible]

FOR THE LADIES.

A HALF-HOUR CHAT WITH OUR FAIR DAUGHTERS.

The Latest Fashions Discussed, and Suggestions Made in Relation to Becoming Toilets—Ever Fickle Fashion's Demands and Requirements.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

WE are in the last month of fashionable dancing, for those who disobey the few preachers against that diversion are apt to stop their indulgence at the beginning of Lent. Whether or not their consciences are influential, they usually give way to stylish usage. The most industrious and enthusiastic of the dancers naturally are the girls who are doing it for the first times. They are not only "chasing the rosy hours with flying feet," but are so overworking their pedals that they may be said to be chasing the flying hours with rosy feet. The showiest social set in New York is hardly skipping a night, what with costume balls and the other terpsichorean assemblages, and it is the same way in all the big towns of the country. It is pertinent, therefore, to devote this fashion article to clothes worn by the younger feminine dancers.

The "bud" who is wise will take advantage of her first season's right to wear simplicity gowns. Later, she may overpower by a conscious elegance of attire. In her sweet first season she may suggest the school-girl, the dainty convent maid, unaware yet of the half-grown beauty which betrays itself no less because its owner's simple gowning is not fashioned to emphasize it. That is the way the gown must look, you know. The bud wears no jewels. Her white, round throat is no less white and round because she clasps no gems about it to snare the eye. To be sure, there are a couple of medals won at the just past graduating day. She has not the heart yet to give them up. *Look at her!* She has them on in the picture. Her maidenly bodice is cut discreetly. Not so long ago she wore pinafores cut that same way. And those puffed sleeves! She does not know how pretty her shoulder is. Of course you do, though, even if she does not show it, for the arm clasped by the puff band is pretty, and of course the rest must be, too. The "class cap" at school used to be so becoming. That is why she wears this head dress. Of course, all this, to be effective, must be worn by a sprightly young bud, whose lips laugh over white teeth, and whose hair wriggles into curls about brow and neck, as does the girl's in the picture.

VERY LATELY A SCHOOLGIRL.

The tall, slender maid, whose eyes are dreamy and whose lips droop in a "standing-with reluctant-feet" sort of way, would not be a bit of a success in this last described get-up. Let her try the next—only she will be wise to let her waist be bigger. Any "dreamy" girl, be her color what it may, ought to make of herself a lovely picture in this gown—that is, if nature will let her. It all depends on nature, except what depends on the corset. If you have a dead-white skin, dull brown hair, very dull gray eyes, with green possibilities in their color, and a pair of scarlet lips, go in for an Oscar Wilde effect. Make your gown of

THE BUD STATUESQUE.

[illegible]ging, grayish-green crepe. Finish [illegible]neck with moss, or wreathed green [illegible]s; wear stone-color gray gloves; [illegible] up by a moss-grown stone pillar, [illegible]t a peacock-feather fan mounted [illegible]gray pearl stick hang from your [illegible] mass your hair loosely about [illegible]rehead, so that a shadow may lie [illegible]your eyes, and there you are! [illegible]ovely, too. The only difficulty [illegible] carrying the stone pillar around. [illegible] girl who has brown auburn hair, [illegible] skin, and eyes hazel or golden, [illegible]the gown in dull amber, wear [illegible]es, hold an amber-mounted fan [illegible]n plumes, finish the neck with [illegible] golden rod, wind her hair [illegible]about her brows, holding it [illegible]d and tortoise-shell pin, and [illegible] pot of tiger-lilies. Be hair, [illegible] skin as lovely as they can be [illegible]d pencilled, and make the [illegible]atter in what colors, the effect [illegible]ll to be misfortunate in-

DEBUTANTE GOWNS.

is whether the girl you are with harmonizes with your style of beauty and whether her dress sets off yours. These gauze gowns over silk are really very pretty. They have all the lightness of effect of a gauze dress, and they keep their fresh look long. These two dresses could be [illegible] charmingly in any number of [illegible]binations. Very pale pink [illegible] silk, apple blossoms about [illegible] and a pale pink velvet [illegible] crepe over pearl-gray [illegible] velvet sash, gray [illegible] either white crush rose [illegible] neck and arms or very d[illegible] the tone of the color [illegible]ring to suit the skin b[illegible] rule it is much safer a[illegible] match the scale of your [illegible] your dressing than to [illegible]ce contrasts.—*Daisy* [illegible]*go Ledger.*

Fashion Facts.

[illegible]ower pins are much worn.

[illegible]MPES of rich lace are fashionable.

[illegible]ILK hosiery invariably matches the slippers, not the gown.

WOOL dresses with Persian brocho borders are greatly admired.

MARTEN and mink furs are again to be seen as out-of-door wraps.

THE shortest veil which is admissible must completely cover the face.

MANY street suits are made wholly of the goods known as "Bedford Cords."

THE newest tea-gowns exhibit new goods. A favorite material in Paris is Japanese crape.

NECKLACES made of several rows of small beads are much admired with low-cut evening corsages.

TOREADOR vests made of embroidery, full at top and bottom, are worn in the house under velvet jackets.

THERE is a demand for ladies' linen collars with turnover points in front though plain round collars are still worn.

A VERY ornamental new hat-pin which may be seen on late hats is a moss rose made of enamel tinted in natural colors.

LONG dressy wraps for evening or carriage wear are now made up with white astrakhan, which is now a very popular fur.

THE Directoire style of dress is particularly suitable for mourning, being wholly undraped, severe in outline, and simple in effect.

SATIN with a decidedly glaze finish is revived for the underdress of the lace dresses. It gives a better effect to the lace than dull silk.

EGYPTIAN slippers of undressed kid of a dark serpent-green shade, almost black, have the toes covered with a design in dark olive-green beads.

THAT the coming season will be full of color we may be quite sure, for stripes and brocades fill the shops in the new goods already displayed.

THE Henrietta cloth and alpaca costumes in black are among the most stylish of spring and between season dresses, either of which wear remarkably well.

A SUIT of amber ornaments now comprises necklace, bracelet, comb, shoe-buckles, fan-sticks, and belt. When well made these ornaments cost very handsome sums.

HOME and dinner gowns of red bengaline combined with red crepon have full skirt, round shirred waists, and are often finished with a puffed frill of pink crepon about the neck.

CHANGEABLE velvets are used for little wraps of natty shapes. These are sometimes combined with brocades to give a pretty effect. The sleeves being of the brocade and the body of velvet.

CHAMBREY cottons are among the pretty washable goods shown this season. They are in patterns made for Empire and Directoire gowns with a border of embroidery set above the hem.

SINCE Miss Anderson has shown the possibilities of drapery, every statuesque woman tries to wear the soft, clinging stuffs, and makes a tea gown or a matinee gown after the Perdita dress, which is grace itself, made so by the way in which it is worn.

A Cure for Hydrophobia.

A Mexican paper says that in the village of Tiacayapan of Muralos, district of Yautepec, grows a shrub known by the name of Margarita, the mastication of the leaves of which has been discovered to be a radical and instantaneous cure for the hydrophobia. A woman named Margarita was attacked by rabies, inside one by chance and, for the first time of said leaves, and to her

SOME FUNNY FANCIES.

IN the soup—a hair.

A SHORT account makes a long face.

THE young clerk who goes about full jeweled should be watched.

WHY not call them hay-widows? Hay is grass with the greenness squeezed out.

A DOCTOR is always a man of feeling? You know that by the way he consults your pulse.

A NEW seven-day clock has been invented. It is what might be termed a "week invention."

"THE truth is out," is a newspaper headline that strikes our eye. It frequently is when you call on it.

"GEORGE, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric-light plant?" "Electric currents, of course."

STRANGE to say, the literary man's society is less to be desired when he is a-musing than at any other time.

"HARRY SMITH married? Why, he's as poor as a church mouse. What has he to live on?" "Wife's father."

"I RECEIVED two orders to-day—one for a full morocco, the other to get out," wrote a book canvasser to a firm of publishers employing him.

MRS. W.—What are you doing, dear? Mr. W.—Musing on the infinite. Mrs. W.—You must stop it. You'll go cra[illegible] if you keep your mind fixed on [illegible] debts.

TOMMY TRADDLES (threate[illegible] I'll tell my father on yo[illegible] Waffles—What do I c[illegible] father? He can't hu[illegible] Traddles—Can't he? [illegible] My father is a doctor.

"IS THAT ev[illegible]y, sir?" asked a pretty [illegible] of a young farmer from [illegible] you don't see what yo[illegible]e ask for it." "Wal, [illegible] young man, "I—I s'pos[illegible] a kiss, but I'd like it jus[illegible]

[illegible]GINS—It's raining, and [illegible]oul want's to go home, and [illegible] umbrella to lend her except $10 one. Can't I let her have [illegible]? Mr. Muggins—Cracky! The [illegible]y umbrella I've got has her husband's name on the handle.

JINKS—Johnson wants to borrow $10 from me. Is he good for that amount? Binks—Yes, with proper securities. Jinks—What would you suggest? Binks—A chain and padlock, a pair of handcuffs, and a dog. That would be enough, I think, to hold him.

MAUD—See here, Bess! I hear that you are going to be married. Didn't you and I and Mab l agree, on the 1st of January, 1888, that we would never marry as long as we lived? Bess—Yes; but you see, girls, I've had a chance. That alters matters. Maud and Mabel (both together)—Oh!

PATIENT (to young physician)—You say, Doctor, that I am well now, and that no further danger is to be expected? Physician—I apprehend none, sir; but life is uncertain. Patient—Perhaps I had better pay your bill now, Physician—Well, yes, sir, it might be as well; as I have said, life is very uncertain.

WIDOW—I want a monument for poor John. Something appropriate. He was a foot-racer, you know. Dealer—You want an epitaph something like his race is run or something like that, I suppose? Widow—I was thinking that a double cross would be nice. I have heard poor John talking about making most of his money by a double cross.

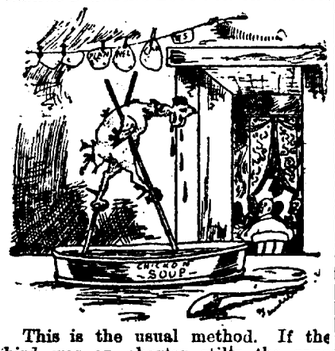
TRAMP—Can't you give a poor man, who hasn't had anything to eat, a dime? Gentleman (who is carrying home the remains of a jack-pot)—You can't get anything to eat for a dime. Take this half-dollar and get a square meal. Tramp—By George! You are the first real gentleman, I have had the pleasure of meeting since I moved in good society. Come in and take something.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"These books, Doctor, are my best friends,
And with them for hours I commune;
The spirits of the authors come
To loiter in the dim old room!"
A smile the doctor's thin lips stirred,
As one by one the books he shut;
"I notice, Mrs. Gray," he said,
"That many volumes are uncut."
She looked at him with that sly glance
Which such a charm to beauty lends,
And, with a little laugh, she said,
"Ah, sir, I never cut my friends."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

CUSTOMER (to Mr. Isaacstein—The cut of that suit isn't very fashionable, Isaacstein — Va-at, not fashionable! don'd I keep an agent mid Europe nine months oud of dot year choost to pick oud dose front style? Customer (a little broken up)—Is that so? Mr. Isaacstein—Of course dot vos so. (To wife): Rebecca, vot did Mr. Johannisberg say in dot cable dispatch to-day? Rebecca—"He said he choost bought up everything dot vas fresh and new in Paris and London, and vas now on his way to dine with the Prince of Wales." The customer bought the suit.

MAKING BOARDING HOUSE CHICKEN SOUP.



This is the usual method. If the bird was on shorter stilts the soup would be too strong and the boarders would get the gout. The chicken is made to pass through the water very rapidly.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Crazy King's Amusement.

The Bavarian people are greatly attached to their King, although he is as crazy as a loon, like his predecessor Ludwig. The length to which they will go in tolerating his freaks is illustrated by the recent experience of an American in Munich. While idly gazing at the palace, he was horrified to see the King appear at one of the windows with a gun, take careful aim at a peasant who was passing by, and fire. Instantly the man dropped, gave a loud groan, and was immediately carried away by two soldiers. The American followed, and in a few moments was

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and anguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and, at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to affect a thorough cure.

Simplicity of the English Language.

The great advantage claimed by Dr. A. Melville Bell for English as the universal language, is the simplicity of its grammar, which makes English immeasurably superior to every form of artificial language as well as to other national tongues. The various moods and tenses, declensions and conjugations, which burden other grammars, have practically no existence for us. Dr. Bell advocates further simplification, however, by removing grammatical irregularities—using "childs" instead of "children," "gooder" instead of [illegible]e.—adopting a more orderly [illegible]nd improving the alphabet [illegible]give a letter for each sound.

Fires Burn Brightly in Winter.

There are several reasons why a fire burns so brightly in frosty weather. First, the air being cold is denser and the heated air and gases from the fire are comparatively more buoyant. Consequently there is a greater draught. Then the air, being denser, contains more oxygen in an equal volume, and that gas being quickly supplied, the combustion is fiercer and more perfect. In frosty weather, too, the atmosphere is comparatively free from moisture, which, of course, has a tendency to damp a fire.

"RELIGIOUS NEW YORK"

profusely and beautifully illustrated, showing the churches of the Jews, Catholic, and Protestants, and fine portraits of some of the heads of the churches of the metropolis and telling how New Yorkers worship, from the Jews to the Christain scientists. This article in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March (now ready) is a very spirited one by the Rev. Carlos Martyn. It is better than a Sunday visit to New York, and will be of great interest to every member of the family. The children will be delighted to learn the new games in "YOUNG JAPAN AT PLAY," (handsomely illustrated) in the March number. It is a wonderful number. Ask your newsdealer for it, or send 20 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th street, New York.

THE grumbler who occasionally finds himself at a loss for something to kick about is advised to purchase a foot-ball.

EXTRACT of malt is the greatest flesh producer known to the Medical profession. MAGEE'S EMULSION is a happy combination of Malt, Oil, and Lime, and is without a rival as a remedy. Try it.

WE don't hanker for burdens, but we should just like to hitch on to a fresh Comstock lode.—*Lowell Courier.*

Mardi-Gras—New Orleans and Mobile.

Feb. 25 to March 3 the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, Evansville Route, will sell tickets to New Orleans and return at $25, and to Mobile and return at $23, which will be good returning until March 23.

It is the only route running coaches and palace buffet sleeping-cars from Chicago to Nashville without change, and is eight hours quicker than any other. Daylight ride through Nashville, Decatur, Birmingham, and Montgomery. Fast train leaves Chicago (Dearborn Station) 3:35 p. m. daily.

For further information address City Ticket Office, Evansville Route, 64 Clark street, or William Hill, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Grand Excursion to Colorado.

On Feb. 26 a grand excursion for land seekers to Alamoza in the sunny San Luis Valley will be run on any regular train over all roads leaving Missouri River points. Fare for round trip $30. Tickets good to return in twenty days. Special round trip rate of $1 will be made by the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., from Alamoza to Del Norte, Monte Vista, La Jara, Antonito, and Fort Garland. Tickets will read through Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo. The San Luis Valley is the great agricultural empire of Colorado, and offers unequaled inducements to the farmer and stock-grower. For details inquire of nearest ticket agent. S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent D. & R. G. R. R., Denver.

Prepare for Spring

Now is the time to prepare for spring, and your own system is of first importance. If you have not felt well during the winter, if you have been overworked, or closely confined in badly ventilated rooms and shops, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it early and you will ward off attacks of disease or escape the effects of impure blood and that tired feeling, so common in the spring. Do not delay. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

"I wish to state the benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have used it in the spring for three years for debility, and can say that I gained in flesh and strength after using one bottle. It has also cured me of sick headache." MRS. F. H. ANDREWS, South Woodstock, Conn.

"I took Hood's Sarsaparilla for loss of appetite, dyspepsia, and general languor. It did me a vast amount of good, and I have no hesitancy in recommending it." J. W. WILLEFORD, Quincy, Ill.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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Nine years ago Scrofula attacked two of my children, and they were badly afflicted with that disease, which resisted the treatment of my family physician. I was persuaded to use Swift's Specific by seeing an account of cures in my county paper. The improvement was apparent from the first few doses, and in a short time my children were cured, and are still sound and well.
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GO TO a ball ungloved if you want to bear the palm.—*New York World.*

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His manner grows so surly;
No matter where we chance to meet,
Or whether late or early,
'Tis just the same: he cannot stay,
And barely answers a 'good day.'"

Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old-agreeable to himself and the world generally.

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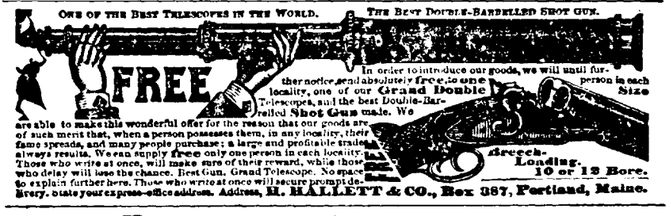

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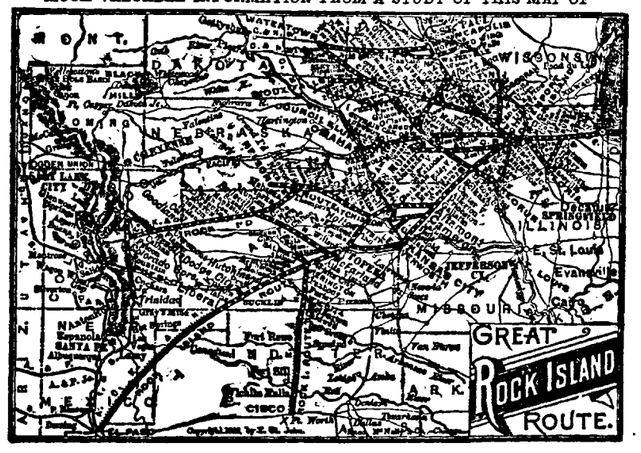
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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IN THE VINEYARD.

Beautiful Thoughts for Christian People to Reflect Upon.

A SPOONFUL OF SUNSHINE.

She Was in Good Company—The Reason Why Johnny Liked the Minister —A Miner's Persistence.

A Spoonful of Sunshine.

As a little girl was eating, the sun darted a beam upon her spoon, and she cried: "Oh, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!"

Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage!

Cheerfulness—it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest natures soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups, and rainbows, and auroras.

God made the grass black? No; that would be too somber. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass green that by this parable all the world might be led to subdued cheerfulness.—*Talmage.*

Good Company.

One evening a lady of New York, while on her way home at a late hour, without an escort, was approached by a lewd fellow, as the boat on which they rode neared its landing, who asked:

"Are you alone?"

"No, sir," was the reply, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, she jumped off.

"I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.

"Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir; I am never alone!"

This arrow pierced the villain's heart, and with these parting words, "You keep too good company for me, madam," he got out of sight, leaving the heroic lady to enjoy her good company.—*Ex.*

Why Johnny Liked the Minister.

"Oh, wasn't that a good minister we had to-day?" said Johnny.

"Yes, very good. Which sermon did you like best? said the mother.

"Oh, I don't know. It wasn't the sermons altogether that I mean."

"What then?"

"Why, he prayed for Sunday-schools and boys so good; I never heard any one pray so much for boys. Most of them do not. That is why I liked him.

"Do you like to be prayed for?"

"Why yes, of course I do."

"The minister prayed to-day that all the boys might be Christ's boys. Did you like that?"

"Yes, and I prayed as hard as I could that I might be. When we hear people praying for us it makes us think it is about time to be praying for ourselves. If children don't like to say much about good things, I guess they all like to have the minister remember them. I always watch and see if they pray for young folks; if they don't I think they won't have much in the sermon either. Then, of course, I don't listen as well as I should if I thought there was something for me."

A Miner's Persistence.

Canon Wilberforce, whose recent visit to this country was a source of good to many, was dwelling, in the course of one of his addresses, on the importance of the word "now," and related the following incident in point:

"A miner having heard the gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it, until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting, to speak to the minister, and, in his untutored way, said:

Didn't ye say I could have the blessing now?"

"Yes, my friend."

"Then pray with me, for I'm not goin' awa' wi'out it."

And they did pray, these two men, wrestling in prayer until midnight, like Jacob at Peniel, until the wrestling miner heard the silent words of comfort and cheer.

"I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!"

The next day a terrible accident occurred at the mines—one of those accidents which so frequently shock us with their horror merely in the reading of them. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men dead and dying, was the quivering, almost lifeless body of this man, who only the night before, big and brawny, came to him to know if salvation could really be had "now" for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two, ere the miner's soul took flight, but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy:

"Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it—I've got it—it's mine."

Then the name of this poor man went into the list of "killed." There was no note made of the royal inheritance to which he had but a few hours before come into possession, through faith in Christ, and all by his believing grip in the word "now."

The Worth of a Good Mother.

It is no stronger an [illegible] that a [illegible] shame because of the fact that they have mothers who are thoroughly sincere and truly devoted Christians. Many a young man owes his conspicuous success in life to the prayers and molding influence of his godly mother; and he ought to be very thankful to God for such a mother, and prize her very highly. A certain chaplain related this story some years ago:

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of brave men had fallen, never to bear arms again, that a soldier came to my tent, and said, "Chaplain, one of our own boys is badly wounded and wants to see you right, away." Hurriedly following the soldier, I was taken to the hospital, and found, on a bed, a fine-looking young man, pale and blood-stained from a wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours longer to live on earth. Taking his hand I said to him, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?" The dying soldier looked up into my face and, placing his finger where his hair was stained with blood, said, "Chaplain, cut a big lock from here, for mother; for mother, mind, Chaplain." I hesitated to disfigure him so. He said, "Don't be afraid, Chaplain, it's for mother, and nobody will see me in the dead-house tomorrow. Now, chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me, and return thanks to God." "For what?" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. O, chaplain, she is a good mother; she taught me to look to Jesus; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that, by His grace, I am a Christian. Oh! what should I do now if I were not a Christian I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace." I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings He had bestowed on him—the gift of a good mother, a believer's hope, and dying grace to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer, he said, "Good by, chaplain. If you ever see mother, tell her it was all well."

That young man had a large appreciation of the worth of a good mother, and thankfully recognized her blessed influence in leading him to accept her God as his God, even unto death. O young man, if you have a Christian mother set a high value upon her, as God's choice gift to you, and allow her prayers to be answered in your conversion and consecration to Christ—*Religious Herald.*

THE ILL-HEALTH OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

We are not prepared to say that ill-health is "a distinguishing characteristic of the American girl." But that she is subject to a great deal of ill-health, from causes that might be avoided, is certainly very evident.

Waiving the question of remote and predisposing causes, the fashions and habits of the day are largely responsible for this condition. We may briefly enumerate:

Dress abominations, such as tight corsets, high-heeled boots, and insufficient clothing of the limbs; producing internal derangements, spinal curvatures, and congestions.

Disregard of hygienic laws in the eating of food from which the nutrient qualities have been largely removed in the process of manufacture, and which in its composition and preparation is productive of disease.

Excessive study, whereby the power that should go to develop and strengthen the body is used to repair the waste of brain.

The extensive use of drugs advertised as medicines, and the giving of those equally harmful by many physicians. Late hours, loss of sleep, waste of strength, and nervous energy in unhealthful amusements; and generally the "fast" living of the age.

The remedy is suggested by this necessarily incomplete enumeration of causes. "Remove the cause and the effect will cease."

Leaders in social life should take the initiative in the study of the conditions necessary to good health, and should conform there to their fashions of dress, habits of eating, drinking, and sleeping, and social customs. Thus, through precept and example, but especially the latter, *good health* can become "a distinguishing characteristic of the American girl."—*The Voice.*

THE COLOR CURE.

Colors have considerable influence on the physical nature both of plants and animals. Sundry diseases grow better or worse according to the color of the apartments occupied by the patients. Violet, among others, is said to have a very beneficial effect on the health. Recent experiments made by a Swiss doctor have shown that lunatics may be treated by colors. The doctor placed one of his patients who was suffering from melancholia and refused to eat in a well-lighted room papered with red; in three hours the man was quite lively and ate with avidity. Another time he locked a raving maniac in a blue chamber, who within a few hours became quite calm, after all other methods had failed.

THE PLANT AND THE SHADOW.

A Plant which was Growing finely in the Sunshine of June was suddenly covered by a Shadow, and as soon as the Gardener appeared it said:

"I was doing Splendidly until that Shadow came. If you Expect me to do my Best you must keep it away."

"My friend," replied the Gardener, "it was all Sunshine you would [illegible]

CHRIST'S WRITING.

TRACING IN THE DUST THE WORDS HYPOCRISY AND FORGIVENESS.

The World Is Still Under the Divine Eye—Christ's Gentle Treatment of the Erring Woman—An Illustration of the World's Justice.

Dr. Talmage preached Sunday morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject: "The Literature of the Dust."

Text—John viii. 6: "Jesus stooped down and wrote on the ground."

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roofs of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept 10,000 workmen busy forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence sat Christ, and a listening throng stood about him, when a wild disturbance took place. A group of men are pulling and pushing along a woman who had committed the worst crime against society. When they have brought her in front of Christ, they ask that he sentence her to death by stoning. They are a critical, merciless, disingenuous crowd. They want to get Christ into controversy and public reprehension. If He say "Let her die," they will charge Him with cruelty. If He let her go, they will charge Him with being in complicity with wickedness. Whichever way He does, they would howl at Him. Then occurs a scene which has not been sufficiently regarded. He leaves the lounge or bench on which He was sitting and goes down on one knee, or both knees, and with the forefinger of His right hand He begins to write in the dust of the floor, word after word. But they were not to be diverted or hindered. They kept on demanding that He settle this case of transgression until He looked up and told them that they might themselves begin the woman's assassination, if the complainant who had never done anything wrong himself would open the fire. "Go ahead, but be sure that the man who flings the first missile is immaculate." Then He resumed writing with His finger in the dust of the floor, word after word. Instead of looking over His shoulder to see what He had written the scoundrels skulked away. Finally, the whole place is clear of pursuers, antagonists, and plaintiffs, and when Christ has finished this strange chirography in the dust, He looks up and finds the woman all alone. The prisoner is the only one of the courtroom left, the judges, the police, the prosecuting attorneys having cleared out. Christ is victor, and He says to the woman: "Where are the prosecutors in this case? Are they all gone? Then I discharge you; go and sin no more."

I have always wondered what Christ wrote on the ground. For do you realize that is the only time that He ever wrote at all? I know that Eusebius says that Christ once wrote a letter to Abgarus, the King of Edessa, but there is no good evidence of such a correspondence. The wisest being the world ever saw and the one who had more to say than any one who ever lived, never writing a book or a chapter, or a page or a paragraph, or a word or a parchment. Nothing but this literature of the dust, and one sweep of a brush or one breath of a wind obliterated that forever. Among all the rolls of the volumes of the first library founded at Thebes there was not one scroll of Christ. Among the seven hundred thousand books of the Alexandrian library, which by the infamous decree of Caliph Omar were used as fuel to heat the four thousand baths of the city, not one sentence had Christ penned. Among all the infinitude of volumes now standing in the libraries of Edinburgh, the British museum, or Berlin, or Vienna, or the learned repositories of all nations, not one word written directly by the finger of Christ. All that he ever wrote he wrote in dust, uncertain, shifting, vanishing dust.

My text says he stooped down and wrote on the ground. Standing straight up a man might write on the ground with a staff, but if with his fingers he would write in the dust, he must bend clear over. Aye, he must get at least on one knee or he cannot write on the ground. Be not surprised that He stooped down. His whole life was a stooping down. Stooping down from castle to barn. Stooping down from celestial homage to mobocratic jeer. From residence above the stars to where a star had fallen to designate His landing place. From heaven's front door to the world's back gate. From writing in round and silvered letters of constellation and galaxy on the blue scroll of heaven, to writing on the ground in the dust, which the feet of the crowd had left in Herod's temple. If in January you have ever stepped out of a prince's conservatory that had Mexican cactus and magnolias in full bloom, into the outside air 10 degs. below zero, you may get some idea of Christ's change of atmosphere from the celestial to the terrestial. How many heavens there are I know not, but there are at least three, for Paul was "caught up into the third heaven." Christ came down from highest heaven to the second heaven, and from second heaven to first heaven, down swifter than meteors ever fell, down amidst stellar splendors that Himself eclipsed, down through clouds, through atmospheres, through appaling space, down to where there was no lower depth. From being waited on at the banquet of the skies to the broiling of fish for his own breakfast on the banks of the lake. From the embiazoned chariots of eternity to the saddle of a mule's back. The homage cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, to the paying of sixty-two and a half cents of tax to Cæsar. From the deathless country to a tomb built to hide human dissolution. The uplifted wave of Galilee was high, but He had to come down, before, with His feet, He could touch it, and the whirlwind that rose above the billows was higher yet, but He had to come down before, with His lip, He could kiss it into quiet. Bethlehem a stooping down. Nazareth a stooping down. Death between two burglars a stooping down. Yes, it was in consonance with humiliations that had gone before and with self-abnegations that came after, when on that memorable day in Herod's temple He stooped down and wrote on the ground.

Whether the words He was writing were in Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, I cannot say, for He knew all those languages. But He is still stooping down and with His finger writing on the ground; in the winter in letters of crystals, in the spring in letters of flowers, in summer in golden letters of harvest, in autumn in letters of [illegible] on fallen

there be light" was said at the beginning. And Christ stands under the wintry skies and says, Let there be snowflakes to enrich the earth; and under the clouds of spring and says, Come ye blossoms and make redolent the orchards; and in September, dips the branches into the vat of beautiful colors and swings them in the hazy air. No whim of mine is this. "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Christ writing on the ground. If we could see His hand in all the passing seasons, how it would illumine the world! All verdure and foliage would be allegoric, and again we would hear Him say as of old, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow;" and we would not hear the whistle of a quail or the cawing of a raven or the roundelay of a brown-thresher, without saying, "Behold the fowls of the air, they gather not into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them;" and a Dominic hen of the barnyard could not cluck for her brood, yet we would hear Christ saying as of old, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings;" and through the redolent hedges we would hear Christ saying, "I am the rose of Sharon;" we could not dip the seasoning from the salt cellar without thinking of the divine suggestion, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men." Let us wake up from our stupidity and take the whole world as a parable. Then if with gun and pack of hounds we start off before dawn and see the morning coming down off the hills to meet us, we would cry out with the evangelist, "The day spring from on high hath visited us;" or caught in a snow storm, while struggling home, eyebrows and beard and apparel all covered with the whirling flakes, we would cry out with David, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." In a picture gallery of Europe, there is on the ceiling an exquisite fresco, but people having to look straight up, it wearied and dizzied them, and bent their necks almost beyond endurance, so a great looking glass was put near the floor and now visitors only need to look easily down into this mirror and they see the fresco at their feet. And so much of all the Heaven of God's truth is reflected in this world as in a mirror, and the things that are above are copied by things all around us. What right have we to throw away one of God's Bibles, aye, the first Bible he ever gave the race? We talk about the Old Testament and the New Testament, but the oldest Testament contains the lessons of the natural world. Some people like the New Testament so well they discard the Old Testament. Shall we like the New Testament and the Old Testament so well as to depreciate the oldest; namely, that which was written before Moses was put afloat on the boat of leaves which was calked with asphaltum; or reject the Genesis and the Revelation that were written centuries before Adam lost a rib and gained a wife? No, no; when Deity stoops down and writes on the ground, let us read it. I would have no less appreciation of the Bible on paper that comes out of the paper mill, but I would urge appreciation of the Bible in the grass, the Bible in the sand hill, the Bible in the geranium, the Bible in the asphodel, the Bible in the dust. Some one asked an ancient king whether he had seen the eclipse of the sun. "No," said he, "I have so much to do on earth, I have no time to look at Heaven." And if our faculties were all awake in the study of God, we would not have time to go much further than the first grass blade. I have no fear that natural religion will ever contradict what we call revealed religion. I have no sympathy with the followers of Aristotle, who after the telescope was invented, would not look through it, lest it contradict some of the theories of their great master. I shall be glad to put against one lid of the Bible the microscope, and against the other lid of the Bible the telescope.

But when Christ stooped down and wrote on the ground, what did He write? The Pharisees did not stop to examine. The cowards, whipped of their own consciences, fled pell mell. Nothing will flay a man like an aroused conscience. Dr. Stevens, in his "History of Methodism," says that when Rev. Benjamin Abbott of olden times was preaching, he exclaimed: "For aught I know there may be a murderer in this house," and a man rose in the assemblage and started for the door and bawled aloud, confessing to a murder he had committed fifteen years before. And no wonder these Pharisees, reminded of their sins, took to their heels. But what did Christ write on the ground? The Bible does not state. Yet, as Christ never wrote anything except that once, you cannot blame us for wanting to know what He really did write. But I am certain He wrote nothing trivial, or nothing unimportant. And will you allow me to say that I think I know what He wrote on the ground? I judge from the circumstances. He might have written other things, but kneeling there in the temple, surrounded by a pack of hypocrites, who were a self-appointed constabulary, and having in His presence a persecuted woman, who evidently was penitent for her sins, I am sure He wrote two words, both of them graphic and tremendous and reverberating, the one word was Hypocrisy and the other word was Forgiveness. From the way these Pharisees and scribes vacated the premises and got out into the fresh air, as Christ, with just one ironical sentence, unmasked them, I know they were first-class hypocrites. It was then as it is now. The more faults and inconsistencies people have of their own, the more severe and censorious are they about the faults of others. Here they are—twenty stout men arresting and arraigning one weak woman. Magnificent business to be engaged in. They wanted the fun of seeing her faint away under a heavy judicial sentence from Christ, and then after she had been taken outside the city and fastened at the foot of a precipice, the Scribes and Pharisees wanted the satisfaction of each coming and dropping a big stone on her head, for that was the style of capital punishment that they asked for. Some people have taken the responsibility of saying that Christ never laughed. But I think as He saw those men drop everything, mortified, exposed, and go out quicker than they came in, He must have laughed. At any rate, it makes me laugh to read of it. All of these libertines, dramatizing indignation against impurity. Blind bats lecturing on optics. A flock of crows on their way up from a carcass, denouncing carrion. Yes, I think that one word written on the ground that day by the finger of Christ was the awful word Hypocrisy. But I am sure there was another word in that dust. From her entire manner I am sure that arraigned woman was repentant. She made no apology, and Christ in no wise belittled her sin. But her supplicatory behavior and her tears moved Him, and when He stooped down to write on the ground, He wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness. When on Sinai God wrote the law, He wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the [illegible] surface. But when He wrote the [illegible] of this woman [illegible] can be

other, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness. Word of eleven letters, and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though He write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin; the red leaf atonement; the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

I must not forget to say that as Christ, stooping down, with His finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that His sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that He has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursurers. Just opposite to that is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for excoriation and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women scourges and objurgation, and for just one offense she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot be even mentioned in respectable circles abroad because they are walking lazerettos of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. I like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine crime and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no, says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East River at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind. It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, His stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literature. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of its mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends, a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been buried by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust. Where are the remains of Sennacherib, and Attila, and Epaminondas, and Tamerlane, and Trojan, and Philip of Macedon, and Julius Cæsar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Chæronea, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 under Xerxes at Thermopylæ? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced on the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library of the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled and all these volumes unclasped and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self-destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and, instead of a hard pen, put forth His forefinger with the same kind of nerve, and muscle, and bone, and flesh, as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And now I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother, and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, 'Lizzie!' 'Lizzie!' But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem! Oh, my! can it be? Yes, you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down, and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that He had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of Heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, flank to flank.

△ Vassar College girl says she doesn't know much about military tactics [illegible]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found -A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, Feb. 24, may be found in Mark vi. 1–13.

INTRODUCTORY.

When Eudocia enjoined Chrysostom with threatenings, the bold preacher said: "Say to her I fear nothing save sin." We say that "with God all things are possible," yet there is one thing that hinders His gracious and mighty working, one thing before which Omnipotence pauses. It is unbelief. "He could there do no mighty works," says the lesson before us. "Was not *able*," Dr. Conant puts it in his luminous translation. Remember the truth, deep, grave, startling; in simple consistence with His own holiness and the free will with which He has endowed man, God *cannot* do contrary to the choice of a single human soul. With just these wills of ours we can stay our redemption and forfeit heaven. A few weeks ago we were studying of the people of Decapolis who banished Jesus by their beseechings. Here we have Him driven out by doubt, unbelief. It is the most desperate, despicable, devilish thing in all the universe. Beware of it!

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Into his own country. Christ loved His boyhood town of Nazareth. This was the second effort He made to secure its eternal good. Before, He had been rejected with violence; but now He comes again, to be again repulsed. Assuredly the hardest field for labor is sometimes closest home. How difficult for sons to speak to fathers, wives to husbands, brothers, sisters, bosom friends to each other! When you are being entertained in a home, brother, let your Christian testimony join in heartily with the witnesses for Christ in that household. Your word may be all that is needed to add itself to the faithful lives being lived under the roof. Lip and life together may bring to instant decision. "Are your sons all converted?" said an evangelist once as he sat at a humble Eastern fireside. "Yes," answered his host, and then he added, "all but Dewitt." The evangelist turned to the son and simply told the story of the lost sheep. It was enough. Dewitt Talmage became a Christian.

He could there do no mighty work. That is, it was morally impossible. Do you recall the barrister who came to the prisoner's cell with the papers of a pardon in his pocket. "What would you do if you got free?" he asked. In a hot rage the convict responded that he would forthwith shoot the judge who sentenced him and the witnesses who bore false testimony against him. Was it wholly strange that the pardon remained unopened? There is a pardon ready to be delivered to any of the sons of earth. Can a righteous God give it to an unrighteous and rebellious soul, to one who, at his heart, says he will not take it save to do with it greater wickedness?

He marveled because of their unbelief. Does not that same Christ marvel much over the unbelief of to-day? There are said to be two hundred prophecies direct of Christ and fifteen hundred of an indirect sort in the Old Testament. And yet they doubted him. No wonder he marveled. But what must Heaven think of us, who, besides these promises fulfilled in Christ's life on earth, have the testimony of eighteen centuries of the career of the church, animated as it is by his Spirit? Marvel the angels well may. How far wrong is Moody when he says at Northfield, "Hundreds of people right in this town *don't know Christ is out of Joseph's sepulcher?*"

Gave them power. Christ was the source. As the disciples started forth He kept giving them power, is the sense. They had no power or authority in themselves, their virtue was all in Him, and they used whatever He gave them. So is the disciple to do to-day. Whatever power God designs us to employ in this dispensation, as we abide in Him He will continually impart to us. Christ Himself gave us the pattern in His own voluntary subjection: "The Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works." Paul puts it in true doctrinal form for us who rest in Christ: "Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places (heavenly altitudes, heavenly realities, *en epouraniois) in Christ.*" Let us not be anxious about signs and powers; let us be only solicitous that we abide in Him. In that abiding will be found all the gifts and graces requisite for the work of to-day. For remember, "He that hath put all things *under His feet*" hath also given Him to be "the head over all things *to the church.*"

The dust under your feet for a testimony. Think of it. When one is filled with the spirit of the Master and wholly devoted to him more than one thing witnesses for the truth of his message, *even the dust of his feet is a tetimony.* "Draw the net, draw the net," says our friend of the Pacific Garden Mission, "whether souls respond or not; the very fact that they have had another opportunity and refused it will make its appeal to them." Every time the Bible is closed in the class-room, every time the last hymn is sung in the church service, every time the pastor or teacher or Christian brother turns away after an earnest appeal, there is a new arrow winged by the Spirit straight at the heart of the impenitent. May we keep in the witnessing atmosphere.

A staff only. Not much, but enough, if the Spirit accompany. Why should not more of us be like John the Baptist, just a "*voice,*" and nothing more, losing self in the "increase" of Christ? So, indeed, comes the Holy Spirit. "He shall not speak of himself." No, we shall not see him, but we shall see Christ. "He shall glorify me." We speak of "the lost Stanley," and we wonder where he is. Friends, he is just where he started out to be—in the depths of the dark continent, *lost in his work.* Presently, if God will, in the fruits of his work we shall see him, as before. Where is the Holy Spirit? No one sees him. Is he lost? In a sense he is—*lost in his work.* In the blessed fruits of that work Christ made manifest to us and in us we behold him and know that he is. Brothers, let us go forth in the simplicity of Paul: "For me to live is Christ." Nothing to incumber us; nothing to call undue attention to us; "a staff only"—all for Jesus.

Preached that men should repent. It is not all the gospel, but surely it is a large part of the gospel proclamation; a part, too, it is that seems just now somewhat neglected. Have you read Dr. Ashmore's article in the current *Missionary Magazine?* "The gospel," he says, "has a twofold errand; *to witness* and *to build.*" The witnessing was to come first." And is he not right in urging that we put it first again to-day? It is the first sharp, swift message, the shot on the picket line, "the declaration of war," as Dr. Ashmore calls it, "against the gates of hell," the summons to surrender; the simple word of testimony is, as Dr. Gordon has pleaded, a large part of the preaching of the gospel. When Christ fitted out that early corps of disciples and gave them their itinerant outfit, he set the church an example for all time. In missionary operations, in the Sunday-school—everywhere, we do well to heed it.

Next Lesson—Jesus the Messiah—Mark 8: 27-38 and 9: 1.

The Reason He Was Silent.

Smart young man—Is it possible there's nothing new in base-ball or [illegible] talk about? You're

HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

CHAPPED HANDS.

"I WANT you to tell through the Ledger how I can keep my hands from chapping and preserve their smoothness," writes "an old subscriber" from Milwaukee, Wis. For cleansing the hands use oatmeal instead of soap, or a little ammonia or borax in the water they are washed in. Be careful to dry them thoroughly every time they are washed, and then to apply a little vaseline or cold cream, wiping the hands after the application. Oxalic acid in a weak solution will remove stains, or, what is better, a bit of lemon, for oxalic acid is poison and must not be permitted to touch an abraded part of the skin. At night rub oatmeal over the hands and wear a pair of gloves a size or two too large. This is especially for those who, after their housework is done, sit down to the piano or occupy themselves with fine sewing or silk embroidery. By pursuing these instructions the hands may be kept smooth, even by those who handle the dishcloth.—*Chicago Ledger.*

FIVE WAYS TO STOP A COLD.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.

2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.

3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.

4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.

5. Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

A ten-grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Anything that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a buckaw. But better than all, if your cold is inveterate or serious, consult your family physician, and at once.

TO WASH WOOLEN SHAWLS.

Scrape one pound of soap, boil it down in sufficient water; when cooling beat it with the hand, it will be a sort of jelly; add three tablespoonfuls of spirit of turpentine and one of spirit of hartshorn. Wash the articles well in it, then rinse in cool water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to come together. Iron with a slightly warmed iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Salt is to be used only where there are delicate colors that may run.

USEFUL HINTS.

Salt fish of any kind is quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Fish may be scalded much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

In watering plants, put a teaspoonful of ammonia into the water once a week.

Ripe tomatoes will remove inkstains from white cloth and also from the hands.

A teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid the whitening process.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum-arabic.

Windows should be opened at both top and bottom in order to secure proper ventilation.

To attempt hard work or close study within an hour after eating invites derangements of the digestive organs.

Because the air is invisible it is no reason why pure air is not as essential to good health as are wholesome food and drink.

Equal parts of white shellac and alcohol is a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. Spray it on evenly with an artist's atomizer.

COOKING RECIPES.

Buckwheat fritters are much nicer mixed with water in which pared potatoes have been boiled.

Sugar Cookies—Seven eggs, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, one teaspoonful of soda and flour to make a dough.

Gingerbread—Butter the size of an egg, one cup of hot water poured on the butter, one and one-half cups of molasses, one teaspoonful each of ginger and soda; mix not very thick.

Corn Bread—One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of milk, and a pinch of salt.

Cookies—Two cups sugar, half cup each of butter and sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven.

Cheese Sandwich—Cheese sandwiches are very appetizing, and are made by mincing either Swiss or American cheese very fine, then adding a paste of made mustard, salt, and pepper, and spreading on thin slices of bread in a thin layer.

Noodles—Add as much sifted flour to one egg as it will absorb, and a little salt; roll as thin as a wafer, dredge very lightly with flour, turn over and over into a large roll, slice from the ends, shake the strips and drop into the soup.

Mayonnaise Sauce—Three yelks of eggs, pinch of salt, pepper, and dry mustard; dilute this with a spoonful of good Taragon vinegar, and add it at leisure until consistent, and all to be worked with a good whip; finish with the juice of a lemon.

Potato Edging—Mold mashed potatoes that are nearly cold into a tall egg-cup, then turn out the little cone, arranging them in a row all around a roast of meat. Set in the oven and brown, glazing with butter just before taking out. Serve one of the cones with each slice of meat.

A Little Twisted.

"John, you've been smoking again. Your clothes are reeking with the odor."

"Maria, you are mistaken. I came home in a smoking-car, Had to walk or stand up."

Next day: "John, you've been drinking again."

"Maria, 'pon my word I [illegible] rode home in a (hic)—with a—I won't do this time). Maria, Joshua, I'm straight as a [illegible] You're thinkin' 'bout that I come home kind o' tired, I swore off."—*Boston Rec.*

Abner (with [illegible]

...AT
PURCHASE
—OF—
...LEMEN'S HOSIERY

...would you rather do—pay 35 or ...for your half-hose in a month ...

17c a Pair,

...week. Our buyer secured the ...lines of a large importing house

...ent's Spring Hosiery

...full regular made goods, nice color-..., and we place them on sale at half ...

17c a Pair.

If you would have first choice of this ...lection come right in.

—OUR ELABORATE—

Carpet Department!

...is now filled to overflowing with every-...hing in the range of your thoughts. ...The exquisite Moquettes, Body Brus-...els, etc., eclipsing anything ever ...brought here,

At $1.00 Per Yard.

We have set aside 20 Patterns of the ...best makes of Body Brussels, they are ...A 1, some patterns containing 100 yards ...each, borders to match. If you want ...to secure one, you can make your selec-...tion and have it reserved. You'll have ...to pay $1.35 later.

Handsome
New Curtains
Now on Exhibition.

ROOT & COMPANY

...EW + BATHS
—AT THE—
Wayne House Barber Shop.

...At much expense and with the greatest care ...I have arranged the following list of baths, ...which will be served at all times within regular ...hours at the Wayne Hotel Barber Shop:

...cologne bath	$1 00.
...ay Rum	75.
...Menthol	75.
...Bermalia	50.
...Sea Salt	25.
...Tonic	25.

...Experienced and willing attendants, the very ...best appointments, neatest arrangements and ...cleanly facilities are features that I guaran-...tee. To this departure, entirely new to Fort ...Wayne, I court public attention and public pat-...ronage.

SID HUBBARD,
Proprietor of Wayne Hotel Barber Shop.

RABUS
—THE—
TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

Suitings,
Overcoatings,
Trouserings
IN THE CITY.

...York - All - Guaranteed!

16 WEST BERRY STREET
Six Doors West of Calhoun.

...ABUS,
—THE—
...AILOR. 19-1mo.

...FOSTER!
...hant Tailor
...W. Wayne St.
...Winter '88-9!

...to announce the comple... of Fine Woolens o... Scotch and American ...the fall and winter of ...imported for the Sea... Largest Assortment of ...Worsted Fabrics, Fine ...Goods and Overcoat... and of Extra Value, ..., the best ever ex...; and I am prepared ...in a manner and style ...Prices shall be the ...the Superior Work... displayed at my

...OSTER,

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Wabash pay car is in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Myers are at Chicago.

Rev. Blaney went to Toledo this morning.

Mr. D. E. McDonald, of Bluffton, is at the Rich.

Judge Chapin went to Kendallville this morning.

Miss Mollie Buchwalter is in Michigan visiting friends.

The city council meets next Tuesday evening in regular session.

Mrs. Matson, mother of Architect Harry Matson, has been quite ill.

The advance sale of seats for the "Two Old Cronies" opened this morning.

Sheriff Viberg will not sell the trotting horse "Donahue" until Tuesday.

Mr. John George Strodel, who was injured by a fall, is able to be out again.

Mr. Thomas B. Empie will shortly leave for Washington Territory to locate.

Warsaw has a gas well nearly $1,800 feet deep, and the drilling still continues.

Miss Bertha Kelsey, of Columbia City, will be the guest of friends in the city over Sunday.

The ladies of the First Baptist church will hold a fair, commencing about the last week in March.

Mrs. L. Rogers, who has been visiting her daughter, at Huntington, returned home yesterday.

Mr. M. M. M. Slattery, Mr. J. E. Talbot, Mr. Fred Schaefer, electricians, have returned from Chicago.

The will of the late Fred Meyer, of Madison township, was filed to-day. He leaves all his property to his wife.

The Ladies' Sewing circle of the Reformed church met this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Andrew McClure, on Douglas avenue.

Yesterday, the Fort Wayne Furniture company took an order for a car load of folding beds to be shipped to Seattle, Washington Territory.

Mr. H. L. Freeland, manager of the carpet department at Root & Co.'s, returned last night from Wabash, where he furnished new club rooms.

The county commissioners meet as turnpike directors Monday. Mr. Chas. J. McLain, chief deputy to County Auditor Neizer, is secretary of the board.

This cold spell is booked to last two two or three days. Last night the thermometer ranged from zero to 7° below. It was regarded as the coldest night of the season.

Mr. Geo. H. Roe, of San Francisco, is in the city the guest of his friend, Mr. M. M. M. Slattery. Mr. Roe is connected with the Brush Electric company of Cleveland.

The Simpson M. E. church, of this city, has elected as trustees for the ensuing year, Harvey Studor, Almond Bunce, Riley Evans, S. W. Blythe and W. H. Crutshall.

John Schoeff, the victim to the railroad accident at Roanoke, has been removed to his home in Union township. Word is received that he has taken a backset and is not getting along so well. A few days ago he was able to sit up in bed.

Married, at the bride's residence, at Lafayette postoffice, in Allen county, on the 12th day of February, 1889, by Elder T. M. Burnam. Also, by the same, on February 17, at the elder's residence, Frederick Keller and Martha Howel.

Mr. T. P. Keator writes a member of THE SENTINEL staff from Unionsville, Mo., that he has not relinquished his residence in Fort Wayne as we intimated some time ago. Mr. Keator says that his absence is temporary, and he says that Fort Wayne will always be his home, Mr. Keator is lecturing in addition to his other business pursuits.

A queer caravan excited much interest as it passed through Bluffton last week. The outfit consisted of three wagons. Two of them were covered, containing stoves with pipes through the top. Two families comprised the party. They had driven from Cleveland, Ohio, to Richmond, Ind., but the men could not find work and they were bound to Fort Wayne.

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Clinton Bowser, Frank Snyder, Charles Bulger and John Dalton, all members of the Fort Wayne Rifles, attended the minstrel entertainment in this place last night. They were highly pleased with the drill of a detachment of our home military company, and well they might be, for it excelled anything of the kind ever before seen in the place."

Dr. J. W. Younge was called to Findlay, Ohio, yesterday, to consult with Dr. Booth in a case of typhoid fever. Dr. Younge has treated [illegible] cases of typhoid fever since the 1st of last October, and has not lost a case. The doctor tells us that he purposes [illegible]

Mr. B. F. Kemp, of Tiffin, Ohio, was in the city this week.

Henry C. Edgar was committed to jail for drunkenness this morning.

Mrs. James Caldwell, of Webster street, has recovered from her recent illness.

The "Natural Gas" party greatly amused a large audience at the Temple last night.

Dr. Greenewalt reports Mr. Martin Ferkel recovering nicely from a stroke of paralysis.

A very pleasant party was given last evening by Miss Nettie Strack, of West Berry street.

Mr. B. S. O'Connor was at Muncie yesterday, and reports a phenomenal property boom there.

Mr. J. H. Wilcox, Muskegon, Mich., and George Seamore, Cincinnati, are at the Hotel Brunswick.

Mr. Ph. Seewald, a leading jeweler of Hudson, Mich., was in the city this week, visiting friends.

Andy Carroll was arrested last night on a charge of drunkenness. His case was continued until Monday.

Mrs. McOscar, of Wells street, mother of Dr. E. J. McOscar, who has been quite ill, is slowly improving.

A. H. Sherwood, Grand Rapids, and F. B. Crossby, W. Massey and J. V. Brough, Toledo, are at the Rich.

The amusement program next week is: "Two Old Cronies," Monday evening; "The Wife," Wednesday, and Gus Williams, Thursday.

Mr. Joseph Wren, aged seventy-five years, of Washington township, died yesterday. His remains were taken to Springfield, O., for burial.

Mr. Fred C. Boltz leaves this evening for Chicago and Kansas City. He has sold his property interests at the last named place at a round profit.

The friends of Rev. C. H. Wilkinso and family gave them a grand donation party Thursday night. They return their many thanks to the donors.

The lady friends of Mrs. M. A. Noll tendered her a delightful surprise last evening and were very pleasantly entertained. The occasion was her birthday anniversary.

There will be a business meeting of the city Y. M. C. A. Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All members are requested to be present, as business of great importance will come before the meeting.

There was an elegant reception at the residence of D. F. Comparet last evening, in honor of the thirty-seventh anniversary of his marriage. The evening was most enjoyable, and the tokens of esteem substantial.

Mrs. Mary Witmer, of 40 Monroe street, has been adjudged insane by Drs. McOscar and Greenewalt. The woman imagines she sees strange people and fears bodily harm from them. Application for her admission to the state insane asylum has been forwarded.

The event of the amusement season in Fort Wayne will be the appearance of "The Wife," at the Masonic Temple, Wednesday evening, February 27. This comedy success of Belasco & DeMille's has become famous throughout the country, as it did in New York, where it ran all of last season.

For a few days the attention of Messrs. Thieme Bros. has been disturbed by the gnawing of rats at their clothing store. Yesterday they discovered water pouring into their room, No. 12 West Berry street, and on opening up a box containing the water pipes discovered that the lead pipe had been gnawed almost in two by the rodents, and they were being flooded.

Our citizens who are missing the rich musical treats offered every Sunday morning and evening, at the First Presbyterian church, by the Haydn quartet, should lose no time in paying this popular place of worship a visit. These young gentlemen are commented on by all strangers who hear them as being the finest organization in the country. They certainly have the faculty of singing their way into the hearts of all their hearers. Every "stranger within our gates" should hear them.

The Duff Opera company is an unusually large one and numbers over eighty persons. The principal people are, Miss Lily Post, Miss Marie Holton, Miss Lillian Hawthorne, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. William McLaughlin, Mr. Edward Lowe, Mr. Frederic Clifton, and Mr. Julian Edwards as leader of the orchestra. The opera will be given with spectacular effects of scenes and costumes, which are said to be unsurpassed as adjuncts of a comic opera company. The advance sale of seats is unusually large and the opera house will be crowded again to-night. The audience, too, promises to be fashionable.

In deciding the case of the Peters Box and Lumber company vs. William H. Lash, Judge Coffey holds: "(1.) Where A, falsely and fraudulently, represents himself to B as the agent of Z, and B, relying on such representation, sells property to A as such agent without any intention of vesting the title in him, but intending to vest it in Z, the sale is void and vests no title in A, and he can not by a subsequent sale vest the title in Z. B is entitled, in an [illegible]

Albert S. Jackson and Lizzie J. Malcolm have been licensed to wed.

John Rapp was admitted to citizenship by Judge O'Rourke to day.

Mr. John Greener and Miss Anna Schmidt have been licensed to wed.

Margarget Ploor has qualified as executrix of the estate of Christian Ploor.

The regular meeting of the Trades and Labor council was not held last night.

Telegraphic reports from all over the United States say this is the coldest day of the season.

Mrs. A. E. Dickinson, of St. Louis, is visiting Miss Stockbridge, at 235 West Wayne street.

Mr. Peter Passina, one of the oldest brakeman on the Fort Wayne road, is dangerously ill.

Louis and Harriet Ann Langohr sold to John M. Mosier lot 5, Langohr's addition, for $1,300.

Miss Pearl Knoder, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Amos Swart, at Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Ruckles, of Van Wert, Ohio, will be the guests of the latter's brother, Mr. E. Rohem, over Sunday.

The suit of Dr. A. Dodge to recover a commission for the sale of a horse from James E. Ballou, was heard in the circuit court to-day.

The funeral of Miss Minnie McGeehan will occur at the First U. B. church to-morrow at 2 p. m. The services will be conducted by the pastor.

The last will of Michael Spitz was filed with the county clerk to-day. He leaves his property to his wife during her life and then it goes to his son.

Harvey R. Boving has brought suit against Gertrude S. Shurick, Frank S. Shurick and M. C. W. Little to quiet title on certain real estate. The demand is $600.

Mrs. Lintz, of Main street, received a telegram last night, saying that her son, John Lintz, died at St. Louis last night. His brother, Mart Lintz, is foreman of the Central street car barn.

The "Queen's Mate" company arrived at 3:45 p. m., over the Lake Shore, from South Bend. They travel with three cars of their own—a Pullman sleeper, baggage car and coach, which they fill.

Miss Elsie M. Leedy, of Warsaw, is in the city visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Logan, No. 99 Madison street. She is a sister of Mr. W. M. Leedy, advertising solicitor of THE SENTINEL.

Mrs. George Kamm and children, who have been visiting in the city for two weeks, left for their home at Grand Crossing this afternoon. Miss Carrie Ervin accompanied them, to remain a few weeks.

Dozois, Beadell & Co. opened their handsome dry goods house, in the Long-Pixley block, to-day. The firm sent for the electric light committee and subscribed $100 towards retaining the works. They start out well, indeed.

LOST—"I don't know where, I can't tell when, I don't see how—something of great value to me, and for the return of which I shall be truly thankful, viz: a good appetite."

FOUND—"Health and strength, pure blood, an appetite like that of a wolf, regular digestion, all by taking that popular and peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want everybody to try it this season." It is sold by all druggists. One hundred doses one dollar.

Those Turkish Towels at 15c a pair are the biggest bargain ever offered. Louis Wolf & Co.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K., good stewing oysters, 18c can.
S. & W., best stewing, 25c can.
Extra selects, for frying, 35c can.
FRUIT HOUSE.

New and elegant style of cases in the Estey, Story & Clark and Hamilton organs. Sold on easy monthly payments.
D. H. BALDWIN & Co.,
21-2t 98 Calhoun street.

Our Linen Sale excels any ever had in Fort Wayne. Louis Wolf & Co.

Money to loan at a low rate of interest. Apply at
THE ABSTRACT OFFICE,
19-5t Kuhne & Co., 19 Court St.

There has been a gymnasium teacher engaged for the Y. M. C. A. The first lesson will be given next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, sharp, city time. Free to members.

HOOD'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA

A LAYDAY GENERAL.

A Wabash Freight Goes Off the Track, Piling Cars Promiscuously and Delaying Trains.

The neighborhood of the junction, at Lafayette, resembled a battle field yesterday morning, five minutes after freight train No. 58, east bound on the Wabash, attempted to go over the crossing of the Lake Erie and Western and Big Four. In crossing the junction a Wabash car left the rails, a half dozen cars followed, and when the caboose had stopped the rear end part of the train was piled up on the Big Four and Lake Erie tracks in a manner that looked as if they had come to stay. The head brakeman was on the first car that went off, and spectators say he resembled a Punch and Judy show jumping from one car to another as fast as they were shoved off. He escaped being buried under the wreck only by his extreme agility and good luck. The wreck was at a time when passenger trains were due on each road, and there was a scramble for the scene with wrecking crews. Roadmaster Adams and Trainmaster Boughton, of the Wabash; Percy and David, of the Big Four, and a crew from the Lake Erie were all there, each to clear the track for their own train. There were four cars filled with grain that were broken up beyond repair and they were pulled to one side piece by piece.

For cuts, bruises, sprains or strains, burns, scalds, frost-bites, chilblains and bites of poisonous insects, nothing equals Salvation Oil. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Colored Turkish Towels, 15c a pair, at Louis Wolf & Co's.

Ice cream and sherbets at Geller's, on Broadway, and at branch in the Globe restaurant. 20-4t

The First Baptist church of Muncie, Ind., will receive bids until March 20th, 1889, for the erection, construction and completion of a brick and stone building. The plans and specifications may be seen at T. J. Allen's, 104 Walnut street, Muncie, Ind. 21-6t

Sidney C. Lumbard has removed his office to No. 3 Aveline House. 19-1m

The only agent in this part of the state for the celebrated Benary guitars and concert and conservatory violins is
D. H. BALDWIN & Co.,
21-2t 98 Calhoun street.

Miss Minnie Reilly, of Chicago, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. Reilly, 169 Harmer street.

POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER
INVALUABLE FOR
ALL PAINS AND INFLAMMATIONS.

Sore Throat, Diphtheria. Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous. Relief assured.

Sores, Sprains, Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing, and Healing.

Catarrh. Pond's Extract is unsurpassed for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, &c. (See page 11, in Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than Pond's Extract. Try it!

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause, is speedily controlled and stopped.

Piles. Pond's Extract is undoubtedly the best remedy known for Piles. The use of Pond's Extract Ointment in connection with the Extract is highly recommended. (See p. 15, Book of Directions wrapped around each bottle.)

Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

Pond's Extract is Known Everywhere.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation.

It is never sold in bulk or by measure.

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c., $1, $1.75.
Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
76 5th Ave., New York.

FRANK B. KENDRICK.
ARCHITECT,
138 CALHOUN STREET,
FORT WAYNE. - - - - - - - - INDIANA.

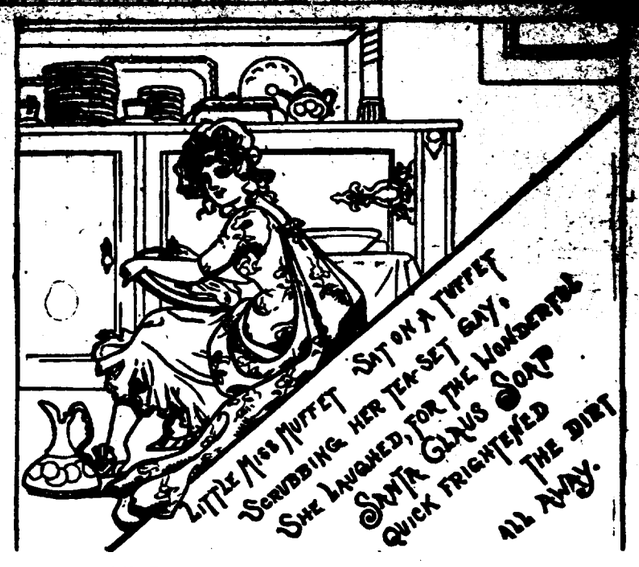
J. M. E. RIEDEL.
ARCHITECT.
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

FOR RENT.

OVERSEERS WANTED EVERYWHERE at home or to travel. We wish to employ a reliable person in your county to tack up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be tacked up everywhere, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in cosspi uous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States and Canada. Steady employment; wages $2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. Address with stamp,
HIMOHY & CO., Managers, 241 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. No attention paid to postal cards. 15-26t

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 41 East Main street, Minor block. Inquire of W. R. F. C. E. Hunt, Room 4, Aveline House Block. 20-6t

WANTED.


LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET
SCRUBBING HER TEA-SET GAY;
SHE LAUGHED, FOR THE WONDERFUL
SANTA CLAUS SOAP
QUICK FRIGHTENED THE DIRT
ALL AWAY.

All Grocers sell SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
Made by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

NOW OPEN!
Crowded at
135 Calhoun Street,

In Rich's block, Fort Wayne, near where the late great fire was. People call by the crowds, and are convinced and surprised as to the fine line of custom first class tailor made clothing we handle, and especially so at the exceedingly low prices we sell them at. Remember, this price means one half of the original measured price, as our price list below will show. Misfits—what are they? In answer to the question what are misfits, we offer a few words of explanation. They are simply goods left on merchant tailors hands, for the reason they did not fit the parties originally intended for, or because they did not call for them. Where do you get them? In answer to this we also offer a few words of explanation. We have a number of agents throughout the principal cities of the United States who buy these goods at such a price that enables us to sell them at one-half their original ordered price, or at less than what you have to pay for Ready Made or Shop made clothing. Our stock consists of Prince Alberts, Sacks, Frocks, and Cutaways in any grade of material or color; also a complete assortment of heavy and medium weight overcoats and pantaloons. We name a few leading prices by which you may be governed.

SUITS.

$25 Custom-Made Suits for	$12
$30 Custom-Made Suits for	15
$40 Custom-Made Suits for	20
$50 Custom-Made Suits for	25
$60 Custom-Made Suits for	30
$70 Custom-Made Suits for	35

OVERCOATS.

$20 Custom-Made Overcoats for	$10
$25 Custom-Made Overcoats for	12
$30 Custom-Made Overcoats for	15
$40 Custom-Made Overcoats for	20
$50 Custom-Made Overcoats for	25
$60 Custom-Made Overcoats for	30

A nobby and complete line of Pantaloons from $3.50 to $6.00, which were made to order for double the money.

ALL ALTERATIONS to improve a fit done free of charge.

Misfit Clothing Parlors
121 Monroe St.

Remember the location, 135 Calhoun street, Four Doors North of Fox's Cracker Factory.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
ONE NIGHT ONLY.
Wednesday, February, 27th.

The Great Lyceum Theatre success, under the direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman, Manager Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Belasco and DeMillis Famous Four Act Comedy.

"THE WIFE!"

Represented by a cast of great excellence.

WITH ALL THE SCENERY AND ACCESSARIES

From the Original Models, and Detail of Perfection Seldom Seen.

ACT I.—Mrs. Ivee' Villa, Newport. July. The Amateur Theatricals. The Old Affair. "The Lover."
ACT II.—Reception Room at Senator Dexter's, Washington. February. Mrs. Dexter's Ball. The Quarrel. "The Husband."
ACT III.—Library in Rutherford's Home, Washington. Same Evening. The Investigation. The Confession. "The Marriage Tie." (Midnight View of the Capital.)
ACT IV.—Same Scene. April. The Eclipse. The Mission to St. Petersburg. "The Wife."

Sale of Seats opens Monday morning. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 176 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50

CANDY For a sample retail box by express, PREPAID, of the BEST CANDY in AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address,

CANDY C. F. Gunther,
212 State St.,

CANDY Chicago, - - - - Ill.

Boston Tea Store.
—FOR—
Fine Groceries
20 West Berry Street.
Telephone 152. Feb5-1y

JOS. M. CLARK. PERRY N. DeHAVEN.
Jos. M. Clark & Co.,
FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailors
34 East Berry Street,

Are offering Rare Bargains in Winter Suitings for the next thirty days. Give them a call and get the latest styles.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.,
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

M. L. ALBRECHT,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
CARRIAGES
—AND—
BUGGIES.
—CORNER OF—
MAIN AND BARR STS.

Fresh Oysters,
Fish, Poultry
And all kinds of Game in Season at
NISWONDER & FOX,
17½ West Berry Street. feb6-3mo.

Boswell & Miller,
Druggists & Chemists.
Toilet Articles, etc. Prescriptions carefully compounded. We are new in Fort Wayne, but by no means new in the business. Give us a call. Rich Hotel Building. 4-1m

—BUY—
Challenge Brand
SUGAR CURED - HAMS!
ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON